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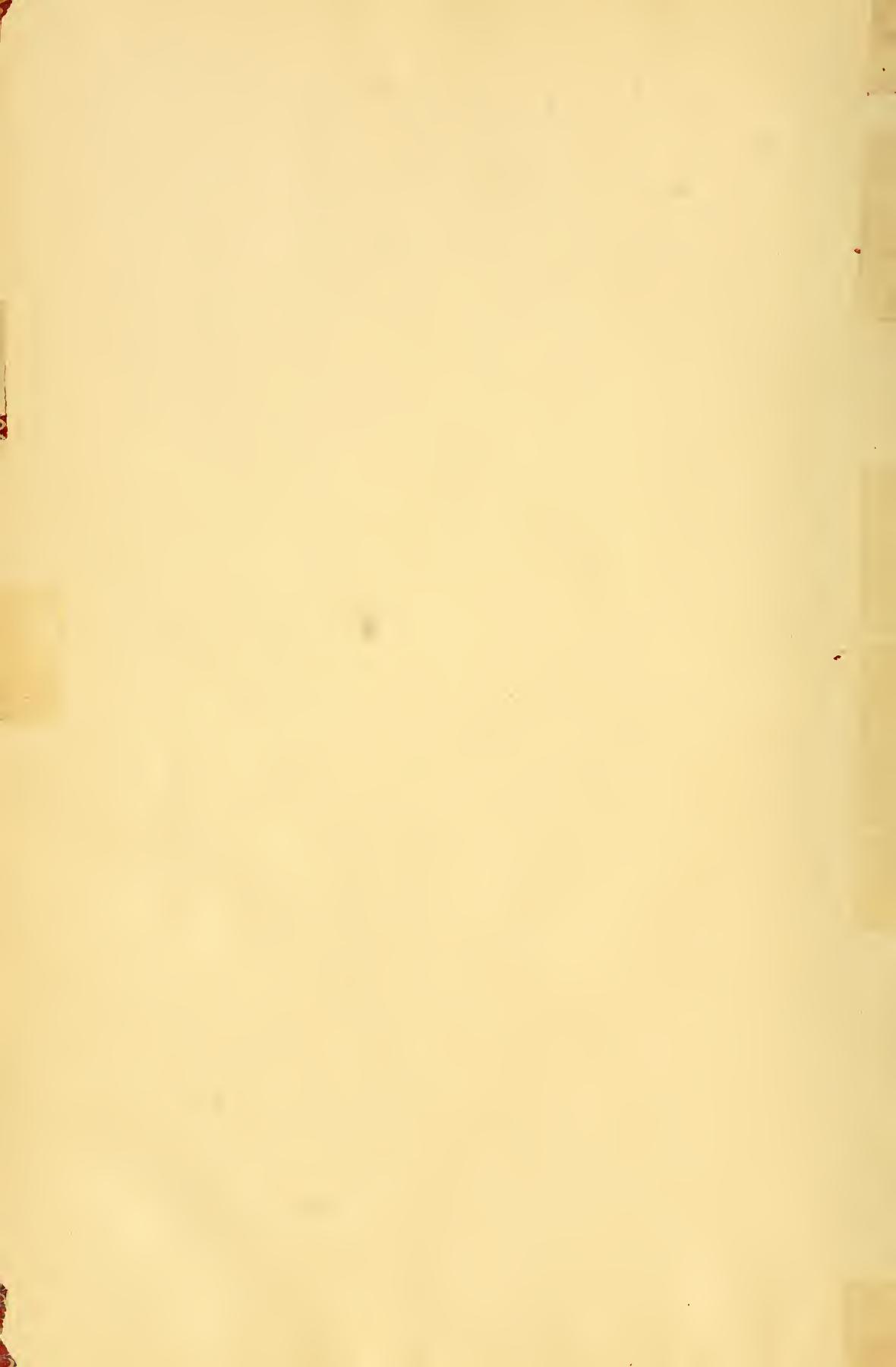
College.

Presented by

Prof. E. L. Horsford.

No. 28901





P R E F A C E.

IN making this collection of National Songs of Northern Europe the Editor's aim has been to select, not only from the musical literature of our own time examples of the Songs of the most popular composers of Scandinavia and Russia, but to add also some of the many ancient characteristic Melodies belonging to these regions.

It will be readily understood that the selection of some eighty specimens from the vast material at hand, consisting of the songs of seven distinct nationalities, has been by no means an easy task. The Editor, however, cherishes the hope that he may be instrumental in directing the lover of National Songs to a comparatively new field, full of interest.

The translations have been made as close to the originals as idiomatic peculiarities and the exigencies of musical rhythm permitted

J. A. K.

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SONGS
OF
SCANDINAVIA
AND
NORTHERN EUROPE.

A COLLECTION OF
83
NATIONAL AND POPULAR SONGS
OF
RUSSIA,
POLAND, LITHUANIA, FINLAND,
SWEDEN, NORWAY, DENMARK, AND HOLLAND,

WITH ENGLISH WORDS BY
CLARA KAPPEY,
EDITED BY
J. A. KAPPEY.

LONDON: BOOSEY AND CO., 295, REGENT STREET.
NEW YORK: WILLIAM A. POND AND CO.

Presented by
Prof. S. D. Mawbray

28901

KENNY & CO., PRINTERS,
25, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

Music Library
1768
18156
1900

RUSSIAN SONGS.

The Russian National Anthem.

Words by JOUKOWSKY.

Maestoso.
p Solo.

Music by A. VON LVOFF.

VOICE.

Lord God, pro - tect the Czar! Pow'r - ful and migh - ty,
May he in glo - ry, in glo - ry reign!

Lord God, pro - tect the Czar! Pow'r - ful and migh - ty,
May he in glo - ry, in glo - ry reign!

CHORUS.

Lord God, pro - tect the Czar! Pow'r - ful and migh - ty,
May he in glo - ry, in glo - ry reign!

Lord God, pro - tect the Czar! Pow'r - ful and migh - ty,
May he in glo - ry, in glo - ry reign!

Solo
ff

He is our guid - ing star, Great in peace and war, Our

dim.

faith's true pro - tect - or, Long live the Czar!

CHORUS.
ff

He is our guid - ing star, Great in peace and war, Our

faith's true pro - tect - or, God save the Czar!

At the window.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Andante.

Music by A. WARLAMOFF.

VOICE.

From my win - dow height, Gaze I on the night, When in

PIANO-
FORTE.

heav'n stars are shin-ing bright and clear. When the gen-tle moon, bend-ing o'er the stream, Watches

trem-bling-ly till she sees the gleam Of her own sil - ver light there-in ap-pear, Of her

own sil - ver light there - in ap-pear.

A musical score for a piano-vocal duet. The score consists of four systems of music, each with a treble clef line and a bass clef line. The vocal part is in the treble clef line, and the piano part is in the bass clef line. The music is in common time. The lyrics are as follows:

Ah! I love to hear, When the soft wind's near, With their low voices do ca -

ress the leaves; And with joy I list when the wave - lets light Kiss the

shore and run quickly out of sight; Aye, I love then to hear the wave-lets light Kiss the

shore, then run quick - ly far from sight.

The piano part features harmonic support with chords and rhythmic patterns, including a section with eighth-note chords in the bass line.

And when all things rest In the si - lent night, I would lin - ger still At my

win - dow height, And would gaze o'er the dis-tant si - lentlands, For my heart then with peace and

joy ex-pands; I would gaze o'er the dis-tant si - lentlands, For my heart with joy and with

poco rall.

peace ex-pands.

poco *a* poco *mo* - - - *ren* - - - *do.*

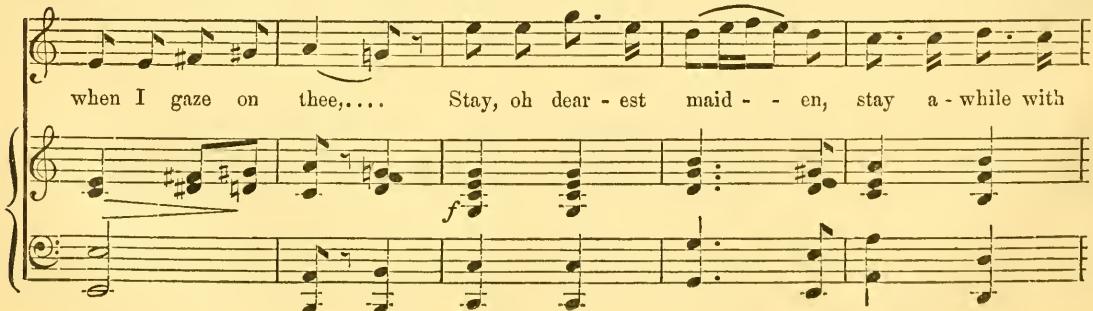
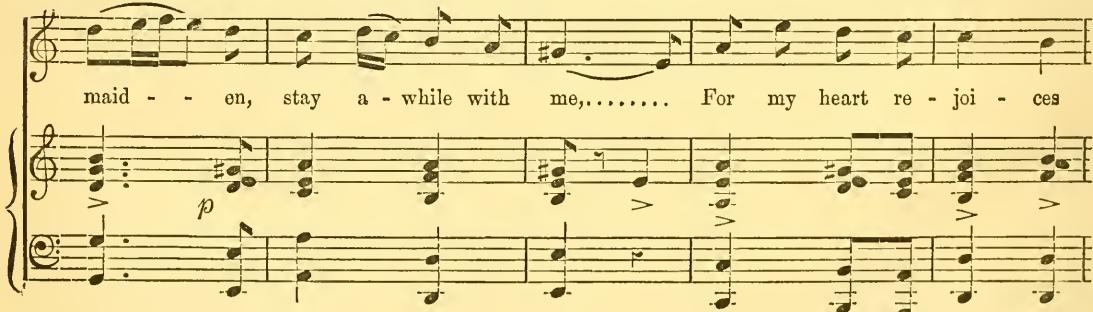
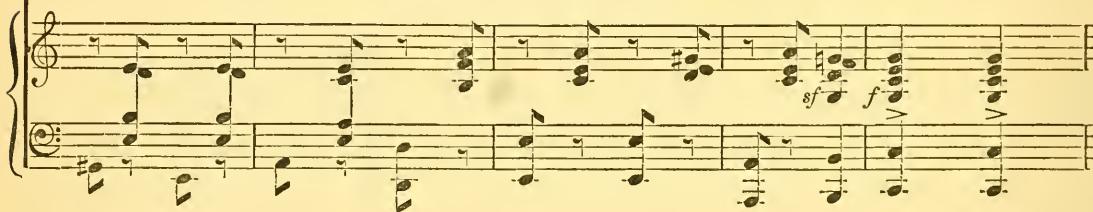
Stay! oh stay!

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Music by A. WARLAMOFF.

S Allegro moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO-
FORTE.

me, For my heart re - joi - ces when I gaze on thee.

3. Ah! thy charms, dear maid-en, close-ly bind my heart, And.... thy form will nev - er

from my mind de - part..... Stay, oh dear - est maid - en, stay a - while with me,.....

For my heart re - joi - ces when I gaze on thee,.... Stay, oh dear - est maid - en,

stay a-while with me, For my heart re - joi - ces when I gaze on thee.

Ah! tell me why.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Music by A. WARLAMOFF.

Allegretto.

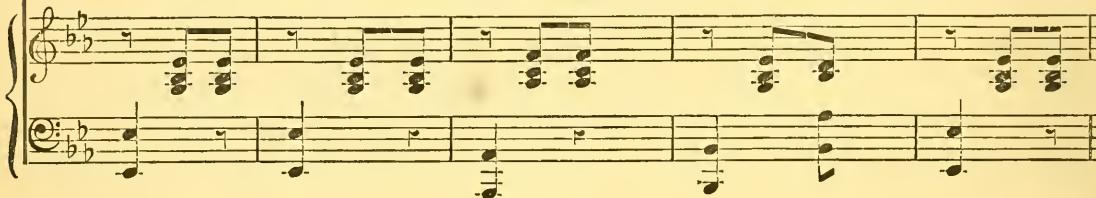
VOICE.



1. Say, ah! why dost thou un - to me ap -
2. Ah! thou art jes - ting with.. all my heart's

*Allegretto.*PIANO-
FORTE.

- pear, Beau - ti - ful Li - ly, a - gain and a - gain?
pain, Sor - row and long - ing my lone - ly life.... fill;



Why re - a - wa - ken with - in my heart drear..... Mem'ries that fill.... me with
Al-though I know that I love thee in vain..... For thee a - lone... does my



wild yéarn - ing pain! } Ah! tell me why!.... Ah! tell me why!....
true heart beat still! }



Ah! tell me why!.... Ah! tell me why!
 cres - cen - do. fz f

3. Ah! tell me why! No! be.... si - lent I pray; Jest not with sor - row and
 p fz

love's burn-ing throes; Take not my lin - g'ring last hopes a - way....
 p fz

Ah! put an end.... to my yearn-ings and woes! Tell me not why!....
 p

Tell me not why!.... Tell me not why!.... Tell me not why!
 cres - cen - do. fz

Tears.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Music by A. WARLAMOFF.

Andante.

VOICE.

*Andante.*PIANO-
FORTE.

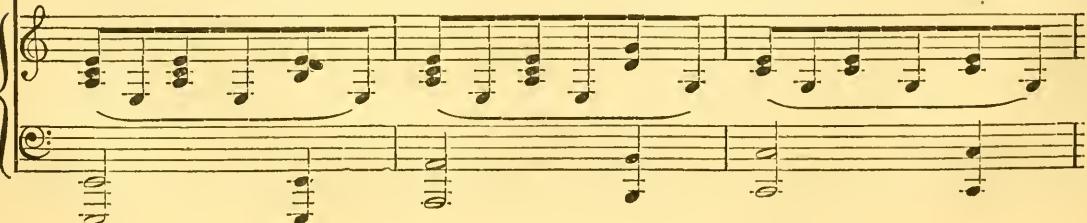
help'd... me pain to bear? I would sor - row here with joy em-brace, I would
 bit - ter tear I wept. O'er my heart,... re-liev'd then of its pain, Peace and
 loom.... de-spair and fear; No re - lease,... ah! find I for my woe! Lone, for -



smile.... at ev' - ry care; I would sor - row here with joy em-brace, I would
 heav'n - ly calm-ness crept; O'er my heart, re - liev'd then of its pain, Peace and
 - sa - - ken stand I here; No re - lease, ah! find I for my woe, Lone, for -



smile.... at ev' - ry care. Could I but,... when sad - ness
 heav'n - ly calm-ness crept. Tears, ye heal - ers of my
 - sa - - ken stand I here. Gen - tle tears,... oh! say where



fills my heart, Weep, as in..... the days of yore..... Gen - tle
 wound - ed breast, Ye who eas'd..... full ma - ny a sigh!..... Foun-tains
 are ye flown, Ye who help'd.... me pain to bear?..... Could I

tears,.... ye brought me peace and rest! Ah! why can..... I weep no
 which.... my ar - dent pray'r's did ope, Say, oh! are..... ye all wept
 weep..... as in the days of yore, I would smile..... at ev' - ry

more? Gen - tle tears, ye brought me peace and rest! Ah! why can.... I weep no
 dry? Foun-tains, which my ar - dent pray'r's did ope, Say, oh! are.... ye all wept
 care. Could I weep as in the days of yore, I would smile.. at ev' - ry

more?
 dry?
 care.

morendo.

Wanderer's Night Song.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Music by A. WARLAMOFF.
tr.PIANO-FORTE. *Andante sempre legato.*

Night her watch is keep - ing O - ver vale and hill,

Birds have long been sleep - ing In the green-wood still. Night her watch is keep - ing

O - ver vale and hill, Birds have long been sleep - ing In the greenwood still.

tr.....

fp

Not a breath is mov - ing In the for - est tree, Wait, thou poor heart

lov - ing, Rest will come to thee. Not a breath is mov - ing In the for - est

tree, Wait, thou poor heart lov - ing, Rest will come to thee.

tr.....

B

Peace.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Andante amaroso.

Music by A. WARLAMOFF.

PIANO-
FORTE.

1. Ah! all peace is lost un -
2. My whole be - ing sad and

- to..... me, Wound - ed is my heart! Why must I thus al - ways
lone - ly, Com - fort yearns to gain; Yet my soul tor - ment - ed

suf - fer Sor - row's bit - ter smart? Why must I..... thus al - ways
e - ver, Finds but care and pain! Yet my soul tor - ment - ed

suf - fer Sor - row's bit - ter smart?
e - ver, Finds but care and pain.

3. Oh! how

long must I yet wan - der On my lone-some way? Come, oh Death, thou pain re -

- lea - ser, Give me peace I pray! Come, oh Death, thou pain - re -

- lea - - ser, Give me peace I pray!

Parting's Sorrow.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Music by A. WARLAMOFF.

Allegro.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Why, a - las, bear I yet part - ing's sor - row? Come, oh love,

Allegro.

from thine eyes joy..... I bor - row.

cresc.

Bah! no more I will weep here in sad -

f fp

- ness, But will seek... till I.. find.... love and glad - ness.

p

But will seek till I.. find.... love and glad - ness.

w

f p

cresc.

p

Ah!.....

w

fz pp

cresc.

ah!.....

p

cresc.

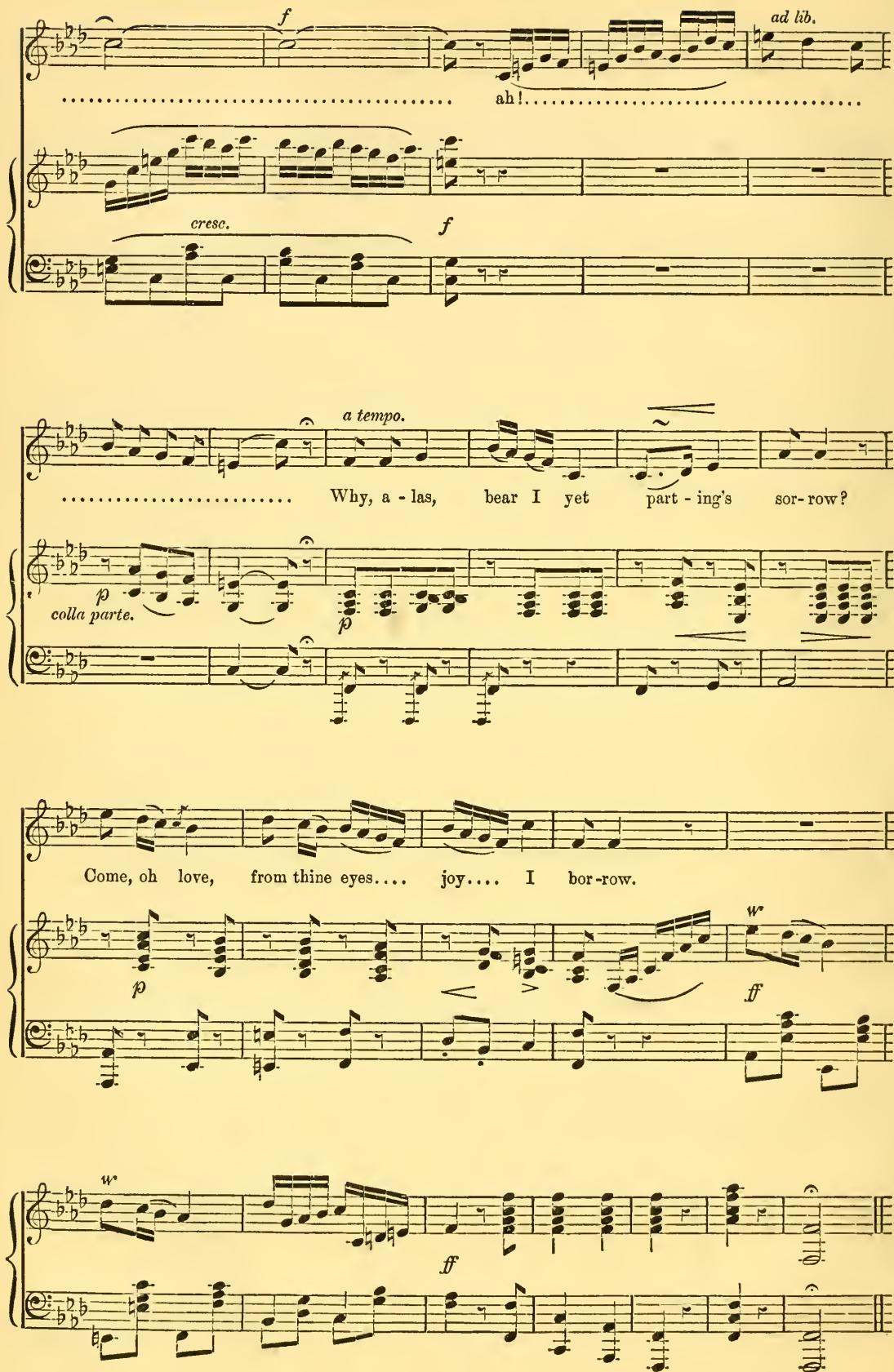
p

ah!.....

f p

f

pp



ah!

a tempo.

Why, a - las, bear I yet part - ing's sor- row?

colla parte.

Come, oh love, from thine eyes.... joy.... I bor-row.

ff

w

w

f

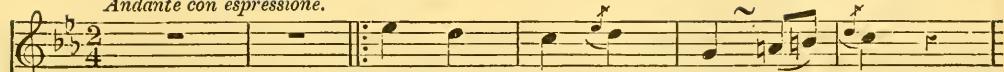
The Nightingale.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Music by ALIBIEFF.

Andante con espressione.

VOICE.



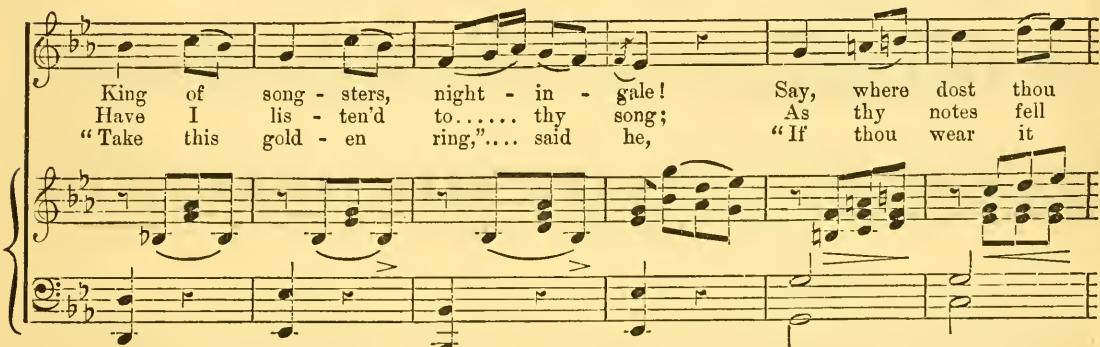
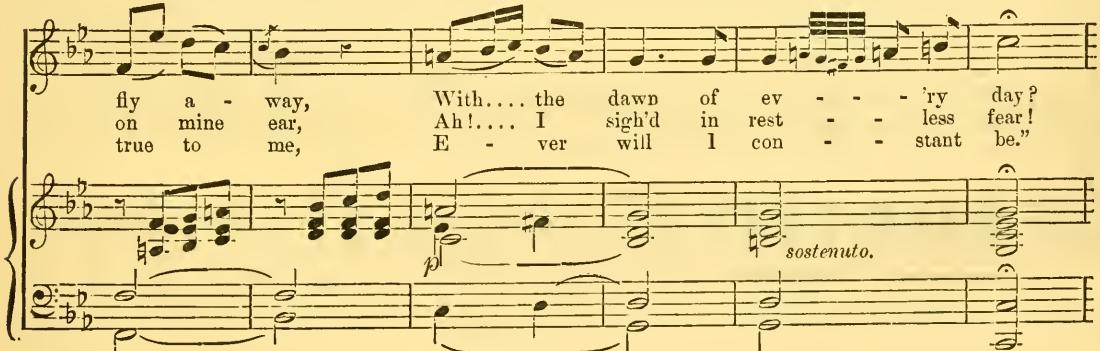
1. Night - in - gale, oh night - in - gale!

2. Ma - ny a sleep - less night and long,

Andante con espressione. 3. When my dear one went from me,

PIANO-
FORTE.

Andante con espressione. 3. When my dear one went from me,

King of song - sters, night - in - gale! Say, where dost thou
Have I lis - ten'd to..... thy song; As thy notes fell
"Take this gold - en ring,".... said he, "If thou wear it*Allegro vivace.*

Night - in - gale, oh night - in - gale! King of song - sters, night - in -

Allegro vivace.

- gale! Night - in - gale, oh night - in - gale! King..... of

song - sters, night - in - gale!

Tempo primo.

4. Loose and fic - kle
5. Ev - 'ry night since

Tempo primo.

was, the band, then, a - las, Soon the ring bit - ter from... my hand; weep - ing pass;

Now I seek, and seek in vain, True - love's bond to is
 And thy sad songs seem to sigh, That.... my love is

Allegro vivace.

find..... a - gain. } Night - in - gale, oh night - in - gale !
 lost..... for aye. } *Allegro vivace.*

sostenuto.

King of song-sters, night - in - gale ! Night - in - gale, oh night - in -

- gale ! King.... of song - sters, night - in - - gale !

f

ff

Oh pray!

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Music by A. MARKEWITSCH.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Oh! call not to thy mind dark times of

yore, Which we to - geth-er once with sad hearts bore!

Re-mem-ber not the tor-ments vain! For-get all

hours we pass'd in pain. Yet

rall. dim.

oh! the joy - ous mo - ments pure and bright We knew when both our hearts were

young and light, In love's first bliss - ful dream so fair,

Oh! cher - ish them, for - get them ne'er! Cher - ish them, for -

- get them ne'er.

Friendship.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Music by A. DERFELDT.

Allegretto.

PIANO-FORTE.

più lento.

1. Why so hope - less and dim is thine eye,..... Why thy
 2. Ah! be - lieve me I'll ne'er seek in thee,..... The deep
 3. In the deep - est re - cess of the heart,..... Let us

face and thy form veil'd in sad - ness! Say, what made all the hap - pi - ness
 feel - ings of love to a - wa - ken, Peace and sol - i - tude on - ly can
 friend - ship then care - ful - ly trea - sure, And it there un - to us will im -

p dolce poco ritard.

tempo.

fly,..... That thy heart late - ly fill'd with such glad - ness? To thee
 free,..... From its pain a poor heart when for - sa - ken. Yet a
 - part,..... Con - so - la - tion and joy with-out mea - - sure. 'Twill de -

Sym - pa - thy's bal - sam I tend,..... I will dry all thy tears when thou'rt
 boon of thee now I im - plore,..... That to me thou thy friend-ship wilt
 - stroy dark de - spon - den - cy's might,..... The heart's bur - den-s and sor - rows 'twill

mf

weep - ing; Bright-er hopes with thy life I will blend,..... Hopes that
 ten - der; For true friend - ship a - lone can bring cure..... To the
 light - en; Far are ban - ish'd all trou - ble and night,..... Where the

mf

near thee now on - ly when sleep - ing, Bright-er hopes with thy life I will
 wounds love's de - ser - tion did ren - der, For true friend-ship a - lone can bring
 rays of a true friend-ship bright - en, Far are ban - ish'd all trou - ble and

f

ritard. più vivo.

blend,..... Hopes that near thee now on - ly when sleep - ing.
 cure..... To the wounds love's de - ser - tion did ren - der.
 night,..... Where the rays of a true friend-ship bright - en.

f

sfz

p

The Gipsy's Song.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Music by A. Lvoff.

Allegretto vivace.

VOICE.

PIANO.
FORTE.

1. Dear - est maid-en, thou with the crim-son cheeks, Ah! my
2. Ah! when thou dost gaze t'wards me joy - ous - ly, Clear as

evening star, I can love but thee! Come, be thou my bride, be..... my
heav'n o'er-head are thy glo - rious eyes! Brill - iant as the beams of..... the

heart's de-light, Hark - en, maid-en fair, hear - en un - to me!
mid - day sun, Soft... as gleam-ing stars in..... dark mid - night skies!

3. Ah! my blood then burns mad - ly in my veins, All my
 4. On thy bo - som fair I'd the world for - get, And be -
 5. Then I'd call a - loud: "Fare - thee - well, oh youth, Which sweet

sf

pul - ses throb with de - li - rious heat; T'wards thee I am drawn as..... by
 - fore thy charms hum - bly bend my brow; I would give my - self ful - ly
 dreams of fame of - fer'd once to me! Fare - well all be - side for.... hence

hands un - seen, And my long - ing heart then.... does wild - ly beat.
 to thy pow'r, I.... who in my pride un - to none would bow.
 - forth my love Fame and all - in - all un - to me shall be!"

f

sf

Oh! tell it her.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Music by L. KOTSCHONBEY.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p

dim.

1. Oh! tell it her, al-though from me she's turn - ing, With joy my
 2. Oh! tell it her, that when with pain I'm weep - ing, Her eyes with

life at her dear feet I'd lay. Oh! tell it her, my heart is ev - er
 glance dis - dain - ful on me turn. My heart then fails me; ruth-less fate is

yearn - ing, And dreams of her now haunt me night and day. Oh! tell it
 keep - ing From me all hope of love for which I yearn. Yet I for

her, ye breez-es sweet-ly blow-ing, That bit-ter pains my long-ing bo-som
pi-ty may im-plore her ev-er, When thoughts of love for her my sad heart

stir; Will she di-vine the love that's in me glow-ing, And would she
stir; Ah! true love's flame will wane with-in me nev-er, Un-til my

a piacere.

spurn me if my sor-row know-ing? Oh! tell it her, Oh! tell it her!
gaze from her bright charms must se-ver! Oh! tell it her, Oh! tell it her!

colla voce.

FINE.

Forsaken.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Music by DARGOMIJSKY.

Andante quasi allegretto.

VOICE.

How soon thou, a - las, wilt for - get me! Yet

PIANO-FORTE.

ev - er my all thou wilt be. How canst thou, oh fic - kle one, let me Here

die with vain long-ing for thee? Ah! while I am sad and for - sa - ken, Thou'llt

mix in the world and its strife; New feel-ings will in thee a - wa-ken, New

thoughts will with - in thee be rife. For me there is sad-ness left on - ly; For

This system contains two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The vocal line starts with eighth notes, followed by sixteenth notes, and then eighth notes again. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords.

me love will ne'er bloom a - gain; My life will, for - got - ten and lone - ly Pass

This system continues the musical structure. The vocal line begins with eighth notes, followed by sixteenth notes, and then eighth notes again. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The dynamic is marked 'f' (fortissimo) at the beginning of the vocal line.

on with its yearn-ing and pain, My life will, for - got - ten, lone and for - got - ten, Pass

This system continues the musical structure. The vocal line begins with eighth notes, followed by sixteenth notes, and then eighth notes again. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The dynamic is marked 'p' (pianissimo) at the beginning of the vocal line. The vocal line is marked with 'con anima.' and 'riten.' above the notes.

on with its yearn-ing and pain.

This system continues the musical structure. The vocal line begins with eighth notes, followed by sixteenth notes, and then eighth notes again. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The dynamic is marked 'col canto.' above the piano line.

The Jamschick's Complaint.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Music by BACHMETIEFF.

p *Moderato.*

VOICE. 1. Woe is me! Where are ye, Days of youth and glad - ness?

PIANO-FORTE. *p*

rall. *f* *Più animato.*

Gone, ah gone, And for - lorn, Mourn I ye in sad - ness! Bright and free,

f a tempo più animato.

rall.

Full of glee, Drove I three-in - hand then; With-out rest, Sang with zest,

Mer-riest in the land... then.

p

p

2. Horn and whip Ne'er did grip, Not a spur did need then; Ev - er fleet
 3. Day by day Grow I grey, Time is on - ward speed - ing; Scarce re - tain

p

rall.

f Più animato.

Were the feet Of each faith-ful steed then! Pain and care, Their hand ne'er
 Whip and rein, What a life I'm lead - ing! Night and day My thoughts stray

f a tempo più animato.

rall.

Press'd on me with sor - row, From gay throng, Wine and song, Joy and smiles, I'd
 To my youth de - part - ed, And a - gain Long in vain For past hours light-

bor - row!
 - heart - ed!

p

The Talisman.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

Allegro moderato.

Music by TITOFF.

VOICE.

Allegro moderato.

1. When at night the rocks were sha - king, Dash'd o'er
2. "Now to thee I give a trea - sure," Said she

PIANO-
FORTE.

by the bil - lows proud; As the moon's soft light was
gent - ly un - to me, "Guard it more than life and

break - ing, From.... be - hind a flee - - cy cloud.
plea - sure, Love,... ah - love gives it to thee

In..... the ha - rem saw.... I near - ing, An..... en -
Though.... in need - and dan - ger's hour,..... From..... a....

- chant - ress fair.... to see;..... And she gave with words en -
 migh - ty foe - man's arm,..... Or from Death's re - mors - less

- dear - ing, There a tal - is - man to me, There a
 pow - er, Ne'er my tal - is - man can charm, Ne'er my

tal - is - man to me.
 tal - is - man can charm."

3. All its ma - gic can - not bid thee, Treas - ures of the
 4. But when treach - ry soft - ly near - ing, Takes the form of

rich. My - sore; Nor to joy un - wa - ning
 gen tle love; Whis - pers words of false en -

lead - thee, Through fair E - - den's gold - - en door.
 dear - ing, Seeks thy strength and faith - - to prove.

Un - - to spark - ling fai - - ry foun - tains, In..... a
 When.... no pow'r on earth.... can save thee From..... the

land of heav'n - ly calm ;..... Un - to dis - tant lof - ty
 sy - ren's fa - tal charm ;..... Then the tal - is - man I

moun - tains, Ne'er my tal - is - man can charm, Ne'er my
 gave thee Shall a - vert from thee all harm, Shall a -

tal - is - man can charm.
 - vert from thee all harm.

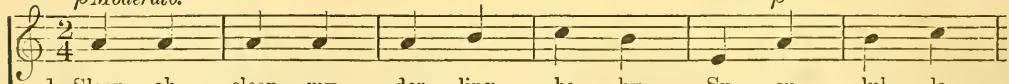
The Cossack's Lullaby.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

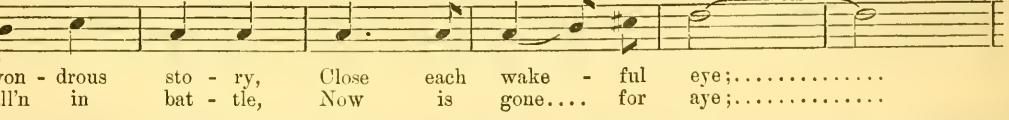
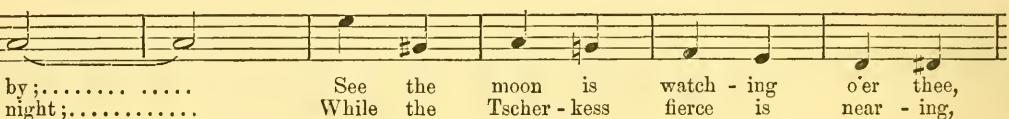
Music by N. BACHMETIEFF.

p *Moderato.*

VOICE.



1. Sleep, ah sleep, my dar - ling ba - by, Su, su, lul - la -
 2. O - ver fields and stones is rush - ing, Wild the storm at

*Moderato.*PIANO-
FORTE.

ff

And a song as well I'll sing thee, Su, su, lul - la -
Sleep, ah sleep, my dar - ling ba - by, Su, su, lul - la -

f *dim.* *pp*

- by.....
- by.....

tr

p *pp*

p

3. All too soon wilt thou be learn - ing Of a war - rior's life;.....
4. And a war - rior like thy fa - ther Thou one day shalt be;.....

p

.... With the gun and pran - cing war - horse, Mov - ing to the
.... Ah! could I in time of dan - ger Ev - er be with

f

strife..... Sad - dle, bri - dle, all, my ba - by, Shalt have by - and -
thee..... Many a tear shall I be weep-ing When to war.... dost

ff

- bye;..... Now, my dar - ling, thou must slum - ber, Su, su,
hie;..... Sleep, my an - gel, sleep in peace now, Su, su,

ff

dim.

pp

tr

lul - la - by..... lul - la - by.....

p

pp

p

p

5. Yet my heart will hide it's sor - row, I for thee will pray,.....
6. Keep this ta - lis - man I give thee In re - mem-brance dear;.....

.... And will trust in God with pa-tience, He will be my
 May it through thy life pro-tect thee When dark dan-gers

f

stay..... Ah! and wilt thou me re-mem-ber When a-far.... dost
 near..... Think of me when thou dost see it, Pray to God... on

f

hie?..... Sleep, now sleep in child-hood's slum-ber, Su, su,
 high;..... Sleep, my boy, my dar-ling ba-by, Su, su,
dim. *pp*

tr

lul - la - by.....
 lul - la - by.....

p *pp*

The Cossack's Song.

(RUSSIAN SONG.)

J. C. GRÜNBAUM.

Vivace.
Coro. *ad lib.*

VOICE.

1. Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! High the Cossack's heart is
2. Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Yet the rest - less Cossack

Vivace.

PIANO-FORTE.

SOLO.

Coro. *ad lib.*

bound - ing, When the bat - tle - call he hears. Ho! ho! ho!
ne - ver Long a peace - ful life can lead. Ho! ho! ho!

SOLO.

Coro. *ad lib.*

ho! When the wild "hur - rah" is sound-ing Wel-come mu - sic to his ears! Hur -
ho! Ha! his heart is burn - ing ev - er Twards the bat - tle-field to speed! Hur -

SOLO.

- rah! hur - rah! When his steed to com - bat spring-ing On - ward strains, High in
- rah! hur - rah! When the can - non's roar he hear - eth Nought fears he, E'en the

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "air his lance he's swing-ing, Fights and gains! High in air his lance he's face of death he near-eth Laugh-ing - ly, E'en the face of death he". The bottom staff is for piano, indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef, with a common time signature. The dynamic 'p' (piano) is marked under the piano staff, and 'f' (forte) is marked above the piano staff in the middle of the page. The piano part consists of eighth-note chords.

f

swing-ing, Fights and gains! Hur - rah!..... hur - rah!..... ho!
 near - eth Laugh-ing - ly. Hur - rah!..... hur - rah!..... ho!

ff

CORO. *ad lib.*

SOLO.

3. Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Bro - thers, let us all be

f > > > > > *p*

CORO. *ad lib.*

meet - ing, Brave and free, the foe at hand. Ho! ho! ho!

SOLO.

CORO. *ad lib.*

ho! High our hearts to - day are beat - ing, They to - mor - row still may stand!

Hur -

*p**f*

SOLO.

- rah! hur - rah! Let the grave be dread-ed ne - ver At the end, If the

*p*CORO. *ad lib.*

foe but with us ev - er There de - scend! If the foe but with us

f

ev - er There de - scend! Hur - rah!..... hur - rah!..... ho!

ff

The Cossack.

(OLD RUSSIAN SONG OF UKRAINE.*)

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

1. Not the snow cov' ring
 2. In the ver daunt mea dow

Andante.

of a bit - ter win - ter night, Made the green-fields yon -
 built my friend a stone-house high, That is why they look.....

der white, made the green fields
 so white, that's the rea - son

white,... why,... Made the green... fields white.
 That's the rea - son why.

* Ukraine, or Kharkof, is the name of a province of "Little Russia," on the banks of the Dnieper. This song refers to the enrollment of a recruit into the ranks of the "Don Cossacks," who are considered to belong to the élite of the army of Russia.

3. Near the house..... two silk - - en
 4. At the ta - - - - - bles sit two

p

tents and wood - en ta - bles stand, By them are two chairs.....
 men and not a word they say, Two full ink-stands there

..... at hand, are two chairs at
 have they, ink - stands full have

hand,.... Are two chairs at hand.
 they,.... Ink - stands full..... have they.

5. Near them is..... a gen - - - - -
 6. Weep not for..... thy love, dear
 7. Nay, he'll mount..... much high - - - - -

p

maid, her face is young and fair, She is stand - ing weep - - - -
 maid, for him thou'st nought to fear: Hell not be a mus - - - -
 great - ly hon - our'd now is he; Cos - sack of the Don.....

..... - - - - - ing there, she is weep - ing
 - - - - - ke - teer, not a mus - ke - - - -
 he'll be Cos - sack of the

there,.... she is weep - - - - - ing there.
 teer,.... not a mus - - - - - ke - teer.
 Don,.... of the Don..... he'll be.

f

Three-in-hand.

(PETERSBURG AIR.)

Moderato.

VOICE.

1. The three - in - hand is slow - ly roll - ing From town to
 2. The lead - er's heart is sad and fear - ful, He puts - to

Moderato.

PIANO-
FORTE.

p

town... o'er lev - el road; A lit - tle bell is sad - ly
 in..... the dead of night; Then sings with trem - bling voice and

toll - ing Hard by with - in the dark pine - wood, A lit - tle
 tear - ful, Of maid - en's blue eyes soft and bright, Then sings with

bell is sad - ly toll - ing Hard by with - in the dark pine - wood.
 trem - bling voice and tear - ful, Of maid - en's blue eyes soft and bright.

3. Oh, soft blue eyes. your witch - ing glan - ces Have brought the
 4. A - far from her, his heart is break - ing. While from his

youth.. to drear des - pair! Ah! false sweet lips, whose smile en -
 eye - - lids tear - drops flow. A - gain the reins in hand he's

- tran - ces, Ye have de - stroy'd his love-dream fair! Ah! false sweet
 tak - ing, Up - on his lone - ly way to go, A - gain the

lips whose smile en - tran - ces, Ye have de - stroy'd his love-dream fair!
 reins in hand he's tak - ing, Up - on his lone - ly way to go.

Three-in-hand.

(MOSCOW AIR.)

Andante.

VOICE. *Andante.*

The three - in - hand is slow - ly roll - ing From town to
Andante.

PIANO-
FORTE.

town o'er lev - el road; A lit - tle bell is

sad - ly toll - ing, Hard by with - in the dark... pine wood,

A lit - tle bell is sad - ly toll - ing Hard by with -

- in the dark pine wood. *dolce.*

The Turtle Dove.

(OLD RUSSIAN SONG.)

Andantino

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

1. In a sha - dy for - est, Built two doves their nest; Faith - ful
 2. Came a greed - y vul - ture, Poun'd on them as prey; From the
 3. She, now bro - ken - heart - ed, Mourn'd with plaint - ive tone; Ev - er

love their dwell - ing Fill'd with joy and rest.
 gen - the moth - er Stole her love a - way.
 late and ear - ly, Sat and wept a - lone.

4. "Why dost weep so sad - ly?" Then the vul - ture said, "Take a
 5. "Woe is me! thou trait - or, Thou hast caus'd my pain! Here be -
 6. "Though here ma - ny lov - ers I could find, ah! me, There's not

new love to.. thee Since the old one's dead!"
 - low I nev - er Joy shall find a - gain."
 one who fath - er To my child could be!"

Parting Sorrow.

(OLD RUSSIAN SONG.)

Andante.

VOICE.

*Andante.*PIANO-
FORTE.

My.... be - lov'd..... is dy - ing, We for..... aye.. must part!
 She.... will die..... and leave me Lone - ly..... here be - low!
 Cru - el fa - ther keeps me, Hope - less - ly.... I.... sigh!

4. Ev' - ry in - stant.... deep - er Grows my heart - felt pain,
 5. Si - lent bow'r, ye..... wit - ness'd Joy and love.... of yore,

In.....this world..... I nev - er Shall be..... glad a - gain.
 Ye..... are fill'd with sor - row, For she's.... there no more!

The Soldier's Farewell.

(OLD RUSSIAN SONG.)

Molto andante.

VOICE.

1. Come, dear son, and tell..... me Why thou'rt weep - - ing there! Ah!
 2. "Moth - er, dear - est moth - er, It will cause..... thee woe! Ah!

Molto andante.

PIANO-FORTE.

Let..... thy lov - ing moth - er Ev' - ry sor - row share!
 I,..... a - las, must leave thee, To the war must go."

3. "From our hut, to - mor - row, I a - far..... must bie! Ah!
 4. I my staff and com - fort, All shall lose..... with thee! Ah!

We..... must part, dear moth - er, We must say good - bye!"
 Yet..... go, thy coun - try calls thee, Thou must rea - dy be!

Polish National Song.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

1. Po - land's not yet
2. Po - lish blood's al -

dead in sla - v'ry, She once more shall reign; What she lost her chil-dren's bra - v'ry
- rea - dy flow - ing, But our swords are drawn. Hope in each brave heart is glow - ing

Soon will free a - gain!} Skrzy - necki*.... leads us on,— Hark! the bat-tle fray is
All to fight are gone!} cresc.

ra - ging; Po - land shall be free!.. Crush all ty - ran - ny!....

f *f* *sf* *p*

* Skrzynecki, (pronounce Skrshe-netz-key,) a Polish officer, was intrusted by the Polish National Parliament, during the struggle of that nation for liberation from the Russian yoke, (1830-31) with the command-in-chief of the national forces. Skrzynecki gained some brilliant victories over the Russian armies (March to August, 1831, but the fruits of his successes were lost by his unaccountable hesitation in prosecuting them to the end. The suspicion that he temporised with the Russians for his own ends led the National Parliament to institute a court of inquiry into his generalship. He then resigned the chief command, after holding it for this brief period of about 8 months, during which his victories had raised the nation's hopes to the highest point.

1^o CHORUS.

Skrzy-ne-cki..... leads us on, Hark! the bat-tle fray is ra-ging,
 Skrzy-ne-cki leads us on, Hark! the bat-tle fray is ra-ging,

Po - land shall be.. free,..... Crush all ty - ran - ny!....

Po - land shall be free, Crush all ty - ran - ny!....

3. See the Czar's great
4. Dear white ea - gles

3. See the Czar's great
4. Dear white ea - gles

ar - my shat - ter'd, In its proud ar - ray! See, his con-quer'd le - gions scat - ter'd,
fly ye ev - er O'er us, proud and free! Ev - 'ry bond to - day we'll sev - er

ar - my shat - ter'd, In its proud ar - ray! See, his con-quer'd le - gions scat - ter'd,
fly ye ev - er O'er us, proud and free! Ev - 'ry bond to - day we'll sev - er

Poles have gain'd the day! } Skrzy-ne-cki..... leads us on,— Hark! the bat-tle fray is
Of foul ty - ran - ny. }
cresc.

ra - ging; Po - land shall be free!.. Crush all ty - ran - ny!....
f
sffz

ff CHORUS.
 Skrzy - ne - cki..... leads us on, Hark! the bat - tle fray is ra - ging,
ff
 Skrzy - ne - cki leads us on, Hark! the bat - tle fray is ra - ging,
ff

Po - land shall be.. free,..... Crush all ty - ran - ny!....
 Po - land shall be free, Crush all ty - ran - ny!....
sf
fz

Mazurek.*

(POLISH SONG.)

Allegretto.

VOICE.

Allegretto grazioso.

PIANO-FORTE.

1. See the sun yon - der
2. Far in the fields our

shin - ing in beau - ty, Ah! it re - calls us un - to our du - ty;
har - vest is glow - ing; I then to bind the corn-sheaves am go - ing;

Spring be-hind us far is ly - ing, And the har-vest - time is nigh-ing; Ah! gen-tle
And when near the ev'ning hours, I will pluck the fair-est flow-ers, Ma - rie, for

un poco meno mosso.

Ma - rie on thy true love I'm re - ly - ing.
thee on whom my heart its whole love show - ers!

* The striking similarity of this old melody with the initial phrase of the air "Wenn auch die Wolke sie verhüllte," in the opera "Der Freischütz," leads one to think that Weber knew and adapted this strain.

Laura to Filon.

(POLISH SONG.)

Andante.

VOICE.

1. Far o'er the woods.. the moon - light is dy - ing, Fi - lon is
 2. Yes, in all haste... to him I am go - ing, Nay, I'll not
 Andante.

PIANO-FORTE.

dim. *pp*

wait - ing, the night grows dark; I.... to the tryst - ing - place
 lin - ger to bind my hair; But.. I will hur - ry with

pp *f*

quick - ly am hie - ing There is his sig - - nal, hark! oh
 locks loose - ly flow - ing, What will he mind.... so I be....

rall.

hark!..... There is his sig - - nal, hark! oh hark!
 there?..... What will he mind so I.... be there?

rall.

Make a bargain, pretty sweetheart.

(POLISH SONG.)

Allegro non troppo.

VOICE.

1. Make a bar - gain, pret - ty sweetheart, Buy this lit - tle song of me;
 2. Ah! my dear one smiles up - on me, Joy her looks un - to me bring;

PIANO-FORTE.

Alla polka.

Kiss - es from thy lips of crim-son Shall of it the payment be. I am ve - ry
 Tra la la la, tra la la la, Loud and mer - ri - ly I'll sing. She will lis - ten,

hon - est, hark! now Won-drous pro - fit thou canst make: For the song thou'l -
 well I know it, And my song will love im - part; I will sing un -

be re - ceiv-ing, While thy kiss - es back dost take.
 - til my pass-ion Melts each fi - bre of her heart.

To the Lark.

(LITHUANIAN DAINA.*)

Moderato.

VOCAL. Lark, oh tell me, tell me why thou dost not rest up - on the green fields, dost not
Moderato.

PIANO-
FORTE.

sing now in the mea - dows? { How up - on the fields be nest - ing, Sing - ing with no
Shepherds, ah! their flocks are keep - ing, Ploughs a - cross the



place of rest - ing? Peace and safe-ty find I nev-er, I'm dis-turb'd and fright-en'd ev - er.
fields are sweep-ing; Peace and safe-ty find I nev-er, I'm dis-turb'd and hunt - ed ev - er.



* *Daina*, (pl. *Dainos*,) Lithuanian term for *secular* song, in contradistinction to *Gésme*—*sacred* or religious song.

The Bride's Farewell.

(LITHUANIAN DAINA.)

Slowly and with much expression.

VOICE.



1. Yon-der fra-grant mar-jo-ram is grow-ing, Here with-in our gar-den thyme is blow-ing;
 2. Why art lean-ing there, my lit-tle maid-en? Why sup-port-ed there, my youthful maid-en?

Slowly and with much expression.

PIANO-FORTE.



Yet the fair-est and the sweet-est flow-ers Blos-som in our lit-tle sis-ter's bow-ers.
 Are the days of youth not bright and fleet-ing, And thy heart with glad-ness light-ly beat-ing?



3. Tho' my youth-ful days in joy are fleet-ing, Tho' my heart is light and gai-ly beat-ing;
 4. Thro' the ver-dant mead-ows roams the maid-en, With her wreath of rue* her white hands la-den;
 5. Fare-well, mo-ther, oh! be-lov-ed mo-ther, Farewell, fa-ther, oh! be-lov-ed fa-ther;



Yet, ah! me, I now am fill'd with sorrow, Careless youth will end for me to-mor-row.
 Ah! my wreath, my lit-tle wreath, I pon-der, Far ah! far from here with me thou'l wander.
 Fare-well, bro-thers, sis-ters, I am sigh-ing, From a-mong ye all for aye I'm hie-ing.



* Rue, (Ruta graveolans,) is very frequently mentioned in the folklore of the different nations of the north and east of Europe. In the traditional songs of Lithuania, Finland, Estonia, &c., it forms a poetic symbol of moral purity, as the myrtle does with us; hence the path of a bride is "strewn with rue," or she wears a "wreath of rue." But in Eastern Europe, in Servia, Bulgaria, &c., it is a symbol of woe, and the binding of a wreath of rue portends misfortune or death.

Finnish Rune.*

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

1. Tho' from Po-ets not de-scend-ed, Nor from lines of ma-gic sing-ers,
 2. I would sing too, I would do so, Fear'd I not the vil-lage peo-ple;

Moderato.

From with - out fair songs I'm hear - ing, Through the mos - sy wall wise say - ings;
 Loud - ly would the maids be laugh - ing, Loud - ly would they all be mock - ing

Songs I'm hear - ing thro' the lat - tice, Through the wall the min - strel play - ing.
 If I dared be - gin my ver - ses, If in rhyme I sang my le - gends.

Dal Segno.

* Runa, Run, (pronounce Roon,)—ancient North European word, signifying “song,” or “speech”; Runo, “air,” or “ballad.” On popular holidays the widely scattered inhabitants of Finland assemble at well-known meeting-places, when target firing, wrestling, and extemporeous singing of Runes form the staple amusements.

In the old *traditional Runos*, which have been preserved through centuries by oral transmission, the deeds of the heroes of the North, as well as the legends of the Northern Mythology are related. In the *extemporeous Runa* of our time, important events in family life are mostly the subjects; or they may be the result of a public competition, in which both women and men take part. On these occasions the Runa forms the vehicle by which peculiarities or frailties of individuals are turned into ridicule.

The *Magic Runa* was believed to possess great powers of evil, and an old Finnish law, dating from the time when Christianity was introduced into these countries, prohibits the singing of Magic Runes or other witchcraft under punishment of exile. The above example gives a fair idea of the semi-barbaric glow of imagination which characterises this class of songs.

3. If I sang of fair sea - ro - ses, Trill'd of leaves of fair sea - ro - ses,
 4. Each sea - peb - ble were a jew - el, Ha! the ve - ry waves would mock me.

S

S

Sang the seas were floods of ho - ney, And the grains of sand were peas there,
 Down would sink the sea - foam bri - ny, If I dared be - gin my ver - ses,

S

S

That the grass were green trees lof - ty, And sea - weed were malt for brew - ing.
 If I sang in rhyme my le - gends, To the yard, the barn would move then.

S

Dal Seyno.

S

5. Oaks would grow up - on the mea - dows, All a - like would be their bran - ches

S

A musical score for 'The Golden Wheel' in G minor. The top staff is for the voice, and the bottom staff is for the piano. The lyrics 'On each branch would grow an ap - ple, gold - en wheel up - on each ap - ple,' are written below the top staff. The piano part includes a bass line and harmonic support.

On each gold - en wheel a cuc - koo, And when it would call out "cuc - koo." S

Dal Segno.

A musical score for 'The Golden Slippers' featuring three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in bass clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time and includes lyrics in the middle staff: '6. Gold would from its beak be pour - ing, Cop - per o'er its breast be flow - ing,' followed by a repeat sign and a section of eighth-note chords.

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal line starts with a melodic line in the upper staff, followed by lyrics 'Sil - ver too, in trem - bling riv - ers.' The piano accompaniment begins with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The dynamic 'f' is marked above the piano staff, and 'fz' is marked below the piano staff, indicating a crescendo and a final dynamic. The score is in common time, with a key signature of one flat.

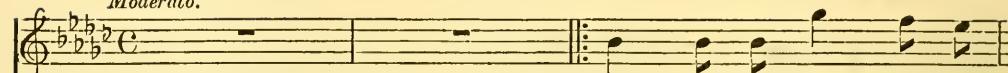
Wilt thou soon return?

(FINNISH SONG.)

Music by L. ROCKE.

Moderato.

VOICE.

1. In the green val - ley thou'rt
2. Ah! thou'rt sur - round - ed byPIANO-
FORTE.*Moderato.*lin - ger - ing yon - der, Still in the king's gold - en pal - ace dost wan - der.
all the earth's fair - est, Say, if thou still for thy hum - ble love car - est?Ah! my dear bir - die small, Ah! thou my life, my all, Wilt thou soon re - turn,
rit.

Wilt thou soon re - turn?



3. Sweet - ly the songs of the birds now are ring - ing,
 4. Must I yet long for the glad day be yearn - ing,
 5. Come, oh be - lov'd, that at last I may see thee,

Sweet - er than all is my dar - ling one's sing - ing.
 When to my side she'll be home - ward re - turn - ing?
 Ere from my tor - ments death com - eth to free me.

Ah! my dear bir - die small, Ah! thou my life, my all, Wilt thou soon re - turn,
 rit.

Wilt thou soon re - turn?
 rit.

SWEDISH SONGS.

Charles John.*

(SWEDISH NATIONAL SONG.)

Music by DU PUY.

Moderato.

VOICE.



Moderato.

PIANO-FORTE.



1. Charles John our brave King Is
2. Ha! when our brave King In

home-ward re - turn - ing; Each heart's for him yearn-ing, Bells joy - ous - ly ring. The
bat - tle is lead - ing; To fame we are speed-ing! His prai - ses we'll sing. In

CHORUS

throne thou sus - tain - est, With firm hand thou reign - est, Charles John our brave King! The
peace he is glo - rious, In war he's vic - to - rious, Charles John our brave King! In

The
In

* The original consists of six verses, the contents of which are condensed here to four.

throne thou sus-tain-est, With firm hand thou reign-est, Charles John our brave King!
peace he is glo-rious, In war he's vic-to-rious, Charles John our brave King!

throne thou sus-tain-est, With firm hand thou reign-est, Charles John our brave King!
peace he is glo-rious, In war he's vic-to-rious, Charles John our brave King!

Dal Segno.

3. All hail, oh dear King! Thou rais-est thy na-tion From all tri-bu-la-tion, And plen-ty dost

4. Long live our brave King, That free from op-pres-sion, In free-dom's pos-ses-sion To him we may

CHORUS.

bring. Our cares thou dost light-en, Our homes thou dost brighten, All hail, oh dear King! Our
sing. 'Mongst Kings thou art peer-less, Of he-roses most fear-less, Long live our brave King! 'Mongst

Our
'Mongst

cares thou dost light-en, Our homes thou dost bright-en, All hail, oh dear King!
Kings thou art peer-less, Of he-roses most fear-less, Long live our brave King!

cares thou dost light-en, Our homes thou dost bright-en, All hail, oh dear King!
Kings thou art peer-less, Of he-roses most fear-less, Long live our brave King!

Dal Segno.

Midst roses sweet

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Words and Music by H.R.H. PRINCE GUSTAV of Sweden and Norway.

p dolce.

Andantino.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Midst ro - - ses

Andantino.

sweet,.... by flow - ry dells sur-round - ed, Where peace reigns ev - er 'tween the

mount..... and vale;.... Midst ro - - ses sweet.... by flow - 'ry dells sur -

- round - ed, When peace reigns ev - er 'tween the mount..... and vale;..... Ah!

listesso tempo.

let..... s dream in heav'n-ly rest, For - get..... all pains that

p

swell the breast;.... World's joy..... on sor - row's found - - ed, World's

*ff**pp ritard.**ff**pp ritard.**tempo.*

joy..... on sor - row's found - - ed. Ah! let..... us dream in

tempo.

heav'n-ly rest, For - get..... all pains that swell the breast;.... World's

tempo.

joy..... on sor - row's found - - ed, World's joy..... on sor - row's

*tempo.**ff**pp ritard.*

p dolce.

found - - ed. What then..... is

joy?.... Oh! ask the ques - tion nev - er! And ask me not what can con -

tent - - ment mean!.... What then.... is joy?.... Oh! ask the ques - tion

nev - ver! And ask me not what can con - tent - - ment mean!.... But

heark - - en un - to na - ture's voice, Let all..... her truths thy

heart re - joice..... Ah! pon - - der o'er them ev - - - er

Pon - - der o'er them ev - - - er, But heark - - en un - to

tempo.

na - ture's voice, Let all..... her truths thy heart re - joice..... Ah!

pon - - der o'er them ev - - - er, Pon - - der o'er them

tempo.

ev - - - er!

mf mf

p

FINE.

Courting.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Music by LINDBLAD.

Allegretto.

Voice.

1. "Ah!"
2. "Last"

PIANO- FORTE.

Bet - ty, deep with - in my heart, Pierce glan - ces from thine eye; Thou
sum - mer, Bet - ty, I was here, My heart was full of glee; For

Cresc.

know'st the pain thou dost im-part, Yet giv'st me no re- ply!" "My
thou didst whis-per in my ear, That thou wouldest mar-ry me!" "Oh!

dear - est John - ny I love thee, And yet the more of thee I see, The
dear - est John, yes, it may be That I such non - sense spake to thees: Yet

less I can my own mind say, I'll give thee.... nei - ther.... 'yea' nor 'nay,' For Pe - ter, Max, and lit - tle John, I'd glad - ly.... choose them.... ev - ry one! So

p *cresc.*

it is bet - ter far, that I Con - sid - er my re - ply!"

it is bet - ter far, that I Con - sid - er my re - ply!"

f *poco ritard.* *p*

3. "Ah!"

p *cresc.*

Bet - ty, cru - el now thou art, Thou'rt on - ly fool - ing me! I

cresc.

see how mat - ters stand, at heart Thou rid of me wouldst be!" "My

dear - est John - ny list to me, If e'er I choose a man, thou'r the, And

p stacc.

yet, if I the truth would tell, There's no man....whom I..... love full well! So

p cresc.

it is bet - ter far, that I Con - sid - er my re - ply!"

poco ritard. *p*

p *a tempo.*

f

A summer evening.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Music by LINDBLAD.

VOICE. *pp Larghetto.*

Twi - light o'er the woods a - round T'wards the lake is creep - ing.
Larghetto.

PIANO-FORTE. *pp*

Far and wide is heard no sound,.. All the birds are sleep - ing. Sing now ho - ly
cresc. *dim.* *pp*

songs and slow, While the night is near - ing; Cloth'd in mist the earth be - low,....
cresc.

As a bride's ap - pear - ing. In this hour of glad - ness, Why, my heart, art
dim. *pp* *p*

yearn - ing? Ah! mem - ries un - to me re - turn-ing Bring both joy and sad - ness.
cresc. f *p*

The Sparrow.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Music by LINDBLAD.

Moderato assai.

VOICE. *Moderato assai.*

Spar - row rock'st in free air, On the lin - den tree there,
Moderato assai.

PIANO-FORTE.

Come and tell thy sto - ry un - to me! Come and tell thy sto - ry

un - to me! Ha! how glo - rious, swing-ing High in air; flight

wing - ing Through the great wide world so gay and free!

Through the great wide world so gay and free.

This musical score page features a vocal line in soprano clef and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a bass line in common time, with chords and bass notes providing harmonic support. The vocal part ends with a melodic flourish.

Rest each lit - tle wing now, Good news to me bring now,

This section continues the musical score. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and bass lines.

Twit - ter from thy bough a song to me!

This section continues the musical score. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and bass lines.

Twit - ter from thy bough a song to me!

This section continues the musical score. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and bass lines.

On the mountain.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Music by LINDBLAD.

Moderato.

VOICE.

Here up - on the moun - tain oft in dream - y rest I stay,
Moderato.

PIANO-
FORTE.

Gaze in hap - py si - lence t'wards the val - ley far a - way.

Where in for - ests green Flow - rets fair are seen;

ON THE MOUNTAIN

Where the lin - den trees Laugh up - on the breeze, There the

con express.

house I see, Where-in dwell-eth she Who my heart's queen will ev - er be.

con express.

p

Ah, nought she dreams of love's fierce glow; My

cresc.

con express. *a piacere.*

sighs but wood and e - cho know. Un - less the brooks and breeze im-part To

p con express.

colla parte.

rit.

her the se - crets of my heart. Ah! no, for lone - ly

a tempo.

here up - on the moun - tain oft in dream-y rest I stay, And

fp *cresc*

gaze in hap - py si - - lence t'wards the val - ley far a - way;

p

Where in woods be-low, Sweet-est flow - 'rets grow

dolce. *dolce.*

Ah!..... there, ah!..... there, All my long-ing glan-ces go,

dim. *p*

Where in woods be-low,

Sweet-est flow - 'rets grow.

dolce.

Ah!..... there, ah!..... there, All my long-ing glan-ces go.

dim. *p*

smorz.

The young Postillion.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Music by LINDBLAD.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegro.

Trot, trot a - way, a - way! My dap - ple -

sf *p* *cresc.*

The vocal line starts with 'Trot, trot' on the first two measures. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords in the bass and sixteenth-note patterns in the treble. Dynamics *sf* and *p* are marked, followed by a crescendo.

- gray!

The vocal line continues with 'gray!' on the first measure. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note chordal bass line.

Trot, trot a - way, a - way!

sf *sf*

The vocal line repeats 'Trot, trot a - way, a - way!' The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note chords in the bass.

Mer - ri - ly we now are go - - ing To our vil - - lage

f

The vocal line concludes with 'Mer - ri - ly we now are go - - ing To our vil - - lage'. The piano accompaniment ends with a dynamic *f*.

home be - low, Fa - - ther's face would stern be

grow - - ing, Could he see how fast we

go! Fal - le - ra, fal - le - ra, fal - le - ra, fal - le - ra. While

sf
dim. p
più f
sf
sf

sing - ing gay, Art a - afraid? Ah, nay! Fal-le - ra, fal-le - ra, fal-le -

ra, fal-le - ra. Songs loud and gay Drive fear a - way!

sf *sf* *f* *dim.* *p*

1. Trot, trot, my dap - ple gray, Let us on be tear - ing, You and
 2. Hop - sa! see the sun yet stand-ing high in hea - ven, Still 'fore

p *p*

I hur - rah! we know what 'tis to run! Ha! to - day in - deed my
 eve - ning we our jour - ney's end may see! May - day 'tis to - day, and

p

whip I can be spar - ing, I'll but raise it o'er thee now and then for
 balls are yon - der giv - en, Mer - ri - ly we'll dance, hur - rah! our cry shall

p

fun. That it loud - ly cracks, ev' - ry moun-tain e - cho wak - ing, And the
 be! Free - ly we to - night there can dance with each fair maid - en, Quar -rels
sf

moor-cock lists star-tled to the sound. One more crack, hal - loo! why the stu - pid
 are for - bid to each pea-sant lad. Both my pock-ets now are with mo - ney
sf

cord is bro - ken! Well! it mat - ters not, thou wilt on - ward bound.
 hea - vy la - den! That will buy res - peet, all that makes one glad.

sf

f

Trot, trot a - way, a - way, my dap - ple -
sf *sf* *p* *cresc.*

gray!

Trot, trot, see there a rut!

a-way, a-way! I saw last week..... a maid-en

fair, I seem to see..... her ev' - ry - where!

THE YOUNG POSTILLION.

THE YOUNG POSTILLION.

THE YOUNG POSTILLION.

THE YOUNG POSTILLION.

Though nought spake she, fal - le - ra, Then un - to me, fal - le - ra, fal - le -

- ra, fal - le - ra, fal - le - ra, fal - le - ra, Oh! no, oh! no, Yet small grows

cresc. *p*

big, fal - le - ra, And lit - - tle John, fal - le - ra, fal - le - ra, fal - le -

- ra, Will grow a man!

cresc. *f*

f

Old Age.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Music by LINDBLAD.

Andante maestoso.

VOICE.

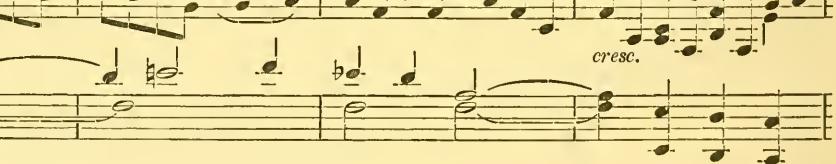
I. A king, yes, a king, each old man seems to me! For

PIANO-
FORTE.*Andante maestoso.*

on the last stage of mor-tal life stands he; The



jour-ney is done, the pil-grim rests at last, How



emp-ty he thinks the plea-sures of the past!



2. The tem - pests are o'er, now clo - ses life's brief day, The
 3. With scap - tre in hand, the scap - tre is his stave, He

f *dim.*

neigh - bours a - round their will - ing hom - age pay; All
 goes to his rest, his cas - tle is, the grave; His

p *cresc.* *f*

wars and re - volts, all bit - ter need and woe, Dis -
 splen - dour of pow'r is mild - ness pure and fair, The

pp *cresc.*

- turb now no more his king - dom here be - low! hair!
 crown on his brow is made of sil - ver

f *dim.* *p*

Ah! my sad song dies away.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Music by LINDBLAD.

Moderato.

VOICE.



1. Where is the far land ly - ing To which my dear love roam'd a-way?
 2. What were the words en - tranc - ing That stole from me my own dear love?

*Moderato.*PIANO-
FORTE.

Ah! is he for me sigh - ing? I think of him all night and day.
 How gaz'd the eyes whose glanc - ing Did tempt him from my side to rove?

cresc.

Bird - - ie stay and speak to me, Thou ... who soar'st in air so free!
 Waves.. dash soft - ly on the strand, But - - ter - fly rests on my hand.

cresc.

Give re - lief
 Do not flee!

To my grief!
 Speak to me.

f*f*



Yet..... thou far from me dost go, Say - - est nought un - to my woe!
 Yet..... ye far from me all flee, Ah!..... the same, a - las, did he!



Ah!..... my sad song dies a-way, For,... a - las, none list un - to
 Sad..... my song now dies a-way, No.... one here to list un - to my



lay.
 lay.



Disappointed expectation.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Music by LINDBLAD.

Allegro agitato.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

A - gainst the strand beats wild the flood, No
bird's sweet voice is sound - ing, Night's man - tle cov - ers all the wood, The
eye sees nought sur - round - ing; Me - thought at night-fall saw I thee, The
moan - ing winds were mock - ing me, 'Twas not thy voice, my love, ah! no, Nor

hear - est thou my song.....

dim.

più tranquillo.

più tranquillo. Ah! ma - ny days and sad nights

p

rit.

long, A year, and yet still more;

ritard.

f a tempo.

ritard.

The stars in Heav'n have gaz'd up - on My heart so sore!

colla parte.

p

Silvio to Laura.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Adagio.

PIANO-FORTE.

Music by LINDBLAD.

Once found I thee, yet thoult ap - pear On

earth to me no more. Thy songs are still, that charm'd mine

cresc.

ear Each day in times of yore. The

sun - light comes, The sun - light dies, Yet ne'er will ope thine
 eyes, The sun - light comes, the sun - light
 dies, Yet ne'er will ope thine eyes.

Ever near.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Music by A. F. LINDBLAD.

PIANO-
FORTE.

Fair flow'rets spring now
Peace, art thou ban - ish'd
In the mea-dows here;
From my heart for aye?

p — *cresc.* —

Vain - ly dream-ing, thine eyes beam - ing See I ev - er near.
 Ah! heart-sad-ness, Pain, yet glad - ness, Go, and leave me rest.

cresc.

Yet, since I have gaz'd on thee, Song and flow'r are nought to me,
 Sighs from my sad breast a - rise, Where is now love's pa - ra - dise?

f ————— p ——————

Vain - ly dream-ing, thine eyes beam - ing See I ev - er near.
 Ah! heart-sad-ness, Pain, yet glad - ness, Go, and leave me rest!

p cresc. p *p con
espress.*

Joy.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Music by LINDBLAD.

Moderato.

VOICE. *Moderato.*

PIANO-FORTE.

1. Ye mor - tals, say, know ye what joy is? Ah! 'tis.... but a col - i - bri
 2. Yet on - ward to lips that are fresh - er, The fu - - gi - tive fli - eth a -

Moderato.

fair, Which faith - less'mong gay flow - ers flit - teth, Sweet flat - te - ries whis - per - ing
 - way, "Ah! he.... was a heartless de - cei - ver, Though charm - ing, and lov - ing, and

cresc.

there! His shim - mer - ing wings ev - er flut - ter, In - con - stant, now far and now
 gay!" A - ban - don'd ones cry thus com - plain - ing, For an - answer he sings them this

near. He kiss - eth the lips of the flow - ers Till soft - ly they whisper, "stay
 strain: "When - ev - er old age I'm at - tain - ing, Then faith - ful I'll to ye re -

here!" He kiss - eth the lips of the flow-ers, He kiss - eth the lips of the main!" When - ev - er old age I'm at - tain-ing, When - ev - er old age I'm at -

flow - ers, Till soft - ly they whis - per "stay here".... Till - tain - ing, Then faith - ful I'll to ye re - main,... Then

soft - ly, yes, soft - ly they whisper "stay here." He here."
faith - ful, yes, faith - ful I'll to ye re - main. When - main.

Suspicion.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Music by LINDBLAD.

Molto agitato ma non troppo allegro.

VOICE. *Molto agitato ma non troppo allegro.*

PIANO-FORTE.

Ha! thy cheek now crim - son grows,

Blush - - es are of guilt the to - ken! In thine

eyes a wild fire glows, Hast thou faith un -

- to me bro - ken? See, thou look - est downwards, ha! thou hast be -

- tray'd me ! I can see it well, Thou thy

tale dost tell ! If thou hast be - tray'd me, speak, oh !

Speak, E'en though the words would kill me, and my heart would break !

f *sf* *sf* *dim.*

Afar.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Music by LINDBLAD.

Andante con espressione.

VOICE.

PIANO-
FORTE.

1. Wind! dost thou kiss my dear love..... o'er the



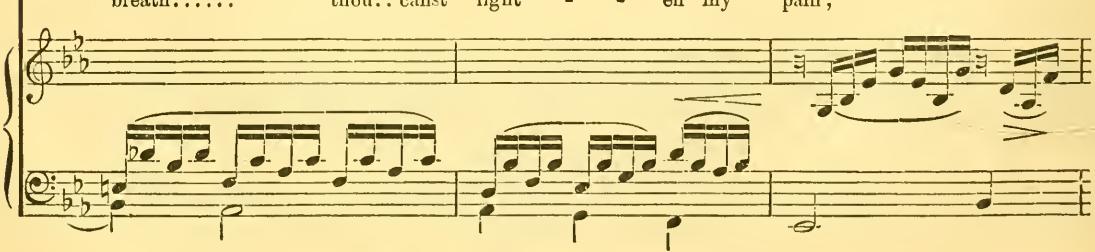
sea? List to my plead - ings and



turn back to me! Ah! cool - ing



breath..... thou.. canst light - - en my pain;



Tell me of her..... whom I long for in

vain!

2. Wave! dost thou toss to the far..... hap - py

strand, Where she in part - ing, to

me wav'd her hand? Canst un - der -

- stand..... lov - er's faint - ing heart, say?

Ah! bear my tears..... to her feet far a -

- way!

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The top system shows a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a dotted half note, followed by eighth notes, a half note, a rest, a half note, and a dotted half note. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with sixteenth-note patterns. The second system continues the vocal line with a dotted half note, followed by eighth notes, a half note, and a dotted half note. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The third system starts with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a dotted half note, followed by eighth notes, a half note, and a dotted half note. The piano accompaniment has a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with sixteenth-note patterns. The fourth system starts with a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano accompaniment has a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with sixteenth-note patterns. The vocal line starts with a dotted half note, followed by eighth notes, a half note, and a dotted half note.

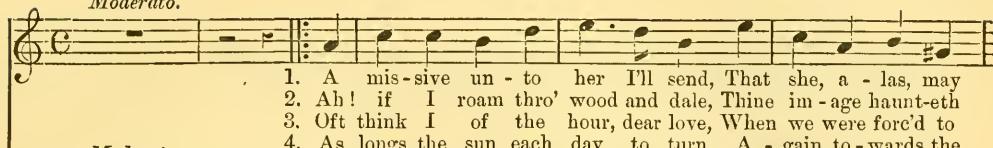
A missive unto her I'll send.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Arranged by L. ROCKE.

Moderato.

VOICE.

*Moderato.*PIANO-
FORTE.

know What woes my yearn-ing bo - som rend, Since she a - far did go. Why
me, When sings the thrush, or night - in - gale, It war - bles but of thee! Why
part, The stars gleam'd bright in heav'n a - bove, And we were heart to heart. The
west, E'en so for thee my heart does yearn, With - in my ach - ing breast. Oh !

should mine eye stray round me e'er? Her form it seeks in vain! With - out her I for
sheds the rose her sweet perfume, Bloom li - lies on my way? For me one flow'r a -
quail - cry sound - ed on the air, And seem'd "farewell" to sigh. No words can tell our
be thou true to me my love, I love on earth but thee! And while on earth I

no - thing care, Each joy is mix'd with pain!
- lone can bloom For ev - er and for aye!
dark de - spair, As we two said "good - bye!"
live and move, My heart will faith - ful be.

morendo.

No! no more with yearning.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Arranged by L. ROCKE.

Allegretto vivo.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Stole all my heart a-way!

2. As the spring flow'r's blowing

Thy fair cheeks are glowing, Sweet as the lin-den blos-soms are they; Eyes as crys-tals beaming,

Lips as co-rals gleam-ing, Teeth a bri-l-liant pearl ar-ray; Ah! in thine arm as

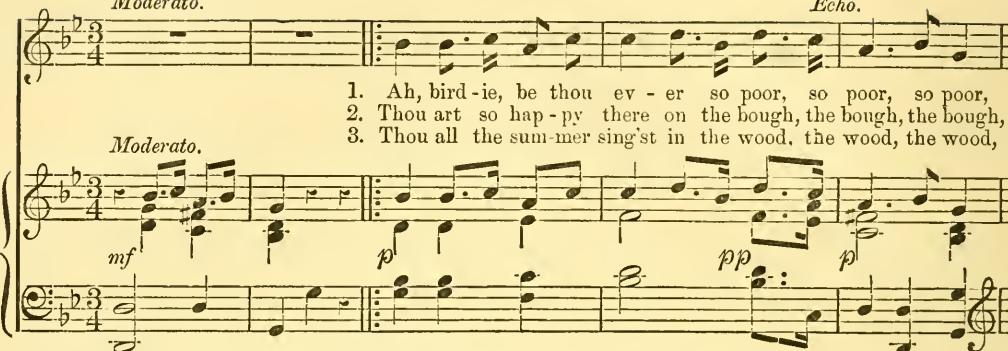
ap-ple blos-som fair, Could I but rest, for-get-ting pain and care! Wert thou but mine own love,

Were I but thine own love Now and for ev-er - more!

The Beggar-boy.

(SWEDISH SONG.)

Moderato.

VOICE. 

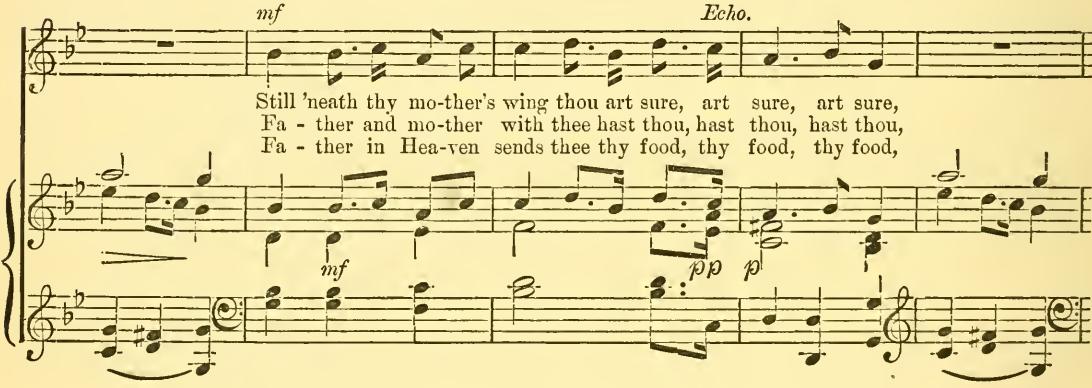
1. Ah, bird-ie, be thou ev-er so poor, so poor, so poor,
 2. Thou art so hap-py there on the bough, the bough, the bough,
 3. Thou all the sum-mer sing'st in the wood, the wood, the wood,

Moderato.

PIANO-FORTE. 

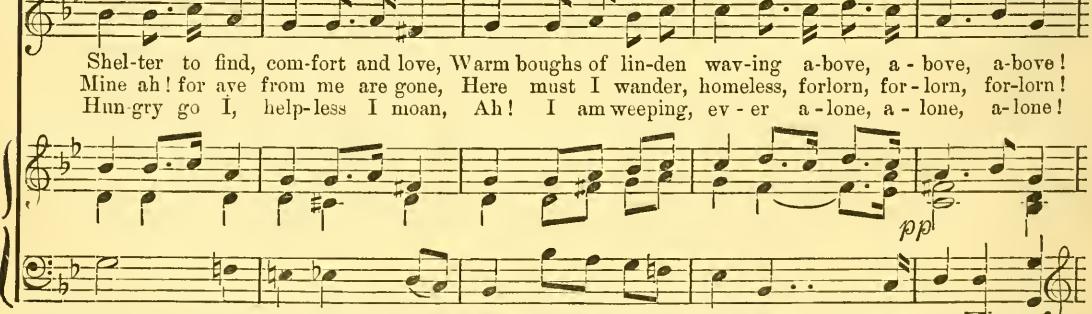
Still 'neath thy mo-ther's wing thou art sure, art sure, art sure,
 Fa-ther and mo-ther with thee hast thou, hast thou, hast thou,
 Fa-ther in Hea-ven sends thee thy food, thy food, thy food,

Echo.



Shel-ter to find, com-fort and love, Warm boughs of lin-den wav-ing a-bove, a-bove, a-bove!
 Mine ah! for aye from me are gone, Here must I wander, homeless, for-lorn, for-lorn!
 Hun-gry go I, help-less I moan, Ah! I am weeping, ev-er a-lone, a-lone, a-lone!

Echo.





The Orphan.

(OLD SWEDISH SONG.)

Andante espressivo.

VOICE.

*Andante espressivo.*PIANO-
FORTE.

rest - ed by her side. } Should I not al - ways be mourn - ful?
he has gone a - way! }

*f**pp*

3. I have felt for long, long years at heart a yearn-ing pain, Ah! 'twill on - ly cease when he re -
4. Hark! the bird sings gai - ly, thro' the for - est rings its lay, Heav - i - ly must sigh the one whose



- turns to me a - gain. } Should I not al - ways be mourn - ful?
love is far a - way! }

*f**pp*

Sorrow's Might.

(ANCIENT SWEDISH SONG.)

VOICE.

1. Chris - ti - na and her mo - ther laid gold up - on the bier;
2. Who now with gen - tle fin - gers is knock - ing at my door?

PIANO-FORTE.

(Who plucks the leaves from the li - ly stem?) The maid - en wept in sor - row, ah!
(Who plucks the leaves from the li - ly stem?) Chris - ti - na rise and o - pen un -

dead her love so dear!.. (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.)
- to me, I im - plore!.. (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.)

3. My hand to none is pro - mis'd, as long as I am free;
4. Oh rise and o - pen quick - ly, and have of me no fear;

(Who plucks the leaves from the li - ly stem?) To no one I'll give en - trance in
 (Who plucks the leaves from the li - ly stem?) Thy love, oh my Chris - ti - na, is

dead of night to me.... (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.)
 stand - ing wait - ing here... (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.)

5. He scarce the words had spo - ken, she stay'd to hear no more;
 6. Chris - ti - na drew her lo - ver to - wards a gold - en shrine;

(Who plucks the leaves from the li - ly stem?) But left her bed then quick - ly, and
 (Who plucks the leaves from the li - ly stem?) She knelt and wash'd his feet there, with

o - pen'd wide the door.. (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.)
 clear and spark - ling wine.. (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.)

7. With - in her lit - tle cham - ber, for ma - ny hours sate they,
 8. Ah! morn's al - rea - dy dawn - ing, hark! love, the cock doth crow,
 9. Then drew the maid Chris - ti - na, her shoes up - on her feet,

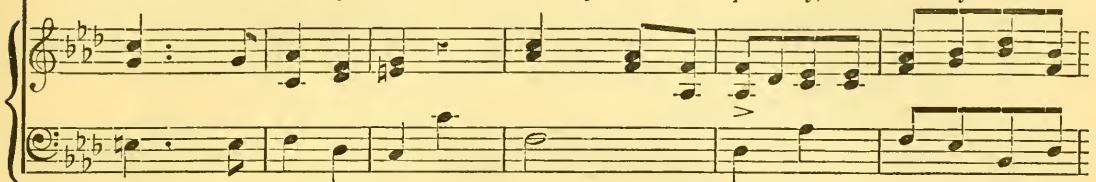
(Who plucks the leaves from the li - ly stem?) And talk'd of love to - ge - ther, till
 (Who plucks the leaves from the li - ly stem?) The time has come when, dear one, the
 (Who plucks the leaves from the li - ly stem?) And fol-low'd thro' the fo - rest, her

mid - night wan'd a - way... (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.)
 dead to rest must go.... (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.)
 love with foot - steps fleet... (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.)

10. At last with - in the church-yard both hand in hand stood they; (Who plucks the
 11. Chris - ti - na love, look yon - der, how pure the moon's soft light. (Who plucks the
 12. She sat up - on his grave then, "Here will I stay, oh love, (Who plucks the



leaves from the li - ly stem?) His hair so thick and gold - en had fall - en quite a -
leaves from the li - ly stem?) She scarce had turn'd, - her lov - er had van-ish'd from her
leaves from the li - ly stem?) Till God my woe doth pi - ty, and call my soul a -



- way. (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.) 13. Hark! loud-ly, clear-ly, rang then the
sight. (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.) 14. For ev' - ry tear of an-guish which
- bove." (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.) 15. And ev' - ry joy - ous mo-ment which



youth's voice on the air, (Who plucks the leaves from the li - ly stem?) My on - ly love, I
from thine eye doth start, (Who plucks the leaves from the li - ly stem?) Sinks in my place of
ban - ish - es thy care, (Who plucks the leaves from the li - ly stem?) Ah! fills my lone-ly



pray thee, ah! sit not weep-ing there! (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.)
rest - ing, and fills with blood my heart! (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.)
cof - fin with ro - ses sweet and fair! (Ah! ye are bright and joy - ous ev - er.)



Little Katie.

(ANCIENT SWEDISH BALLAD.)

VOICE.

1. At Court a serv - ing maid - en Was lit - tle Ka - tie fair;
 2. As she a - mong all maid - ens, The fair - est was to see;
 3. "Come, lis - ten, lit - tle Ka - tie, If thou wilt now be mine,

PIANO-FORTE.

She shone a - mong all maid - ens, A star of vir - tue rare.
 The young king came to Ka - tie, And soft - ly whis- per'd he:
 Grey horse with gold - en sad - dle, Shall be di - rect - ly thine."

4. "Grey horse and gold - en sad - dle, Are far too grand for me;
 5. "Come, lis - ten, lit - tle Ka - tie, If thou wilt now be mine;
 6. "A crown of gold the fin - est, Is far too grand for me:

Go, to thy young queen give.. them, Let mine but hon - our be."
 A crown of gold, the fin - est, Shall be di - rect - ly thine."
 Go, to thy young queen give.. it, Let mine but hon - our be."



7. "Come, lis - ten, lit - tle Ka - tie, If thou wilt now be mine;
 8. "The half of all thy king - dom, Is far too great for me;
 9. "Come, lis - ten, lit - tle Ka - tie, If thou dost me de - ny,



The half of all my king - dom, Shall be di - rect - ly thine."
 Ge, to thy young queen give.. it, Let mine but hon - our be."
 With - in the spik - ed bar - rel, Thou shalt be doom'd to die."



10. "If in the spi - ked bar - rel, I'm doom'd to die by thee,
 11. In - to the spi - ked bar - rel, They forc'd the gen - tle maid,
 12. From Heav'n to her de - scend - ed, Two doves of spot - less white;



The an - gels bright in Hea - ven, Will know from guilt I'm free."
 To roll it round and round then, The king his ser - vants bade.
 Then three pure doves soar'd up - wards, In - to the realms of light!



Come, oh fairest maiden!

(SWEDISH DANCING SONG, FROM DALECARLIA.*)

Allegro moderato.

PIANO-FORTE.

* Dalecarlia, or Palarne, a province of Sweden, consisting of the mountainous land lying round the Dal-elf.

Real - ly what a hand - some pair make thou and I! How the rib-bands flut - ter
 Nay, ah! draw not thus thy dear white hand a - way! I a li - ly wreath will

on the air, Come to me quick - ly dear - est maid - en fair!
 bind for thee, Ah! then the fair - est at the dance thou'l be.

But one lit - tle boon I beg of thee, Ah! Tell me, does thy heart in - cline to me?
 Caust thou love me pret - ty lit - tle dear? Come, Whis - per now a "yes" in - to my ear!

"La!..... No, no, lis - ten why, la!..... Far too young am I!
 "La!..... Nay, thou'rt much too sly, la!..... Hast a wick - ed eye!

la,.... la, la, la,.... la, la, la, la,.... la, la, la, la,.... la, la!

Brave of heart and warriors bold.

(DALECARLIAN MARCH.)

Voice. *Vivace.*

1. Brave of heart and war - riors bold, Were the Swedes from time un - told;

Vivace.

Piano-Forte.

mf *fz*

Breasts for hon - our ev - er warm, Youth - ful strength in he - ro arm!

p

Blue eyes bright Dance with light, For thy dear green val - leys old;

f

North! thou gi - ant limb of earth, With thy friend - ly, home - ly hearth!

mf

2. Song of many a thou - sand year, Rings thro' wood and val - ley clear;

Pic - ture thou of wa - ters wild, Yet as tears of mourn - ing mild.

To the rhyme Of past time, Blend all hearts and lists each ear.

Guard the songs of Swe - dish lore, Love and sing them ev - er - more.

To rest I call ye lambkins all.

(NORWEGIAN SHEPHERDS' SONG.)

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

To rest, to rest I call Ye lamb-kins all! Ho - ah! ho - ah!

ho - ah! ho - ah! ho - - ah!.... ho - - -

ah!.... ho - - ah!

rall.

FINE.

Moderato.

1. Ah! the e - - ven - tide's re - turn - ing, And my dear one's
 2. Sun - light o'er the moun - tains dy - ing, Ev' - ning zeph - yrs
 3. Moon - light pure the hut is show - ing, Where to peace and

Moderato.

for me yearn - ing. See, her eye a - far is beam - ing Like the eve - star
 gent - ly sigh - ing, Prom - ise as I'm on - ward stray - ing, Love my work re -
 rest I'm go - ing, There I sleep, and till the mor - row, Shuns me ev' - ry

gleam - ing.
 - pay - ing. } Dear one, ah! a - lone with thee, Can need and care for - got - ten
 sor - row.

be! Dear one, ah! a - lone with thee, Can need and care for - got - ten be!

After the 3rd verse D.C. al Fine.

Abandoned.

(NORWEGIAN SONG.)

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO-
FORTE.*Andante.*

sor - row; And, joy - ous, my heart had no care for the mor - row, There
danc - ing, My heart beat - ing high in the plea - sure en - tranc - ing; To -

came the new year, with com - plaints it was la - den, None no - tice me
- day I go lone - ly for no one will know me, Ah! none love me

now, an un - hap - py lone maid - en!
here, or give shel - ter un - to me!

mfz

3. Ah! high on the moun - tains, where North - lights are gleam - ing, And
 4. Ah! there to the heights with my sor - row I'd wan - der, And

p

where from the sum - mits wild riv - ers are stream - ing, Where snows lie e -
 hear far be - neath me the o - cean's wild thun - der, Where heav'n kiss - es

ter - nal, where Alp flow'r's are blow - ing, Where o'er the earth's tur - moil the
 earth from the world I would sev - er, And sleep in the arms of still

bright stars are glow - - ing!
 death, on for ev - - er!

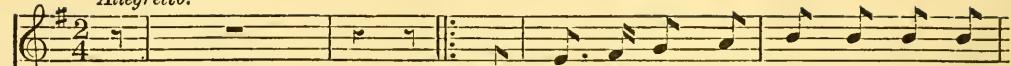
mfz

Guldterning.*

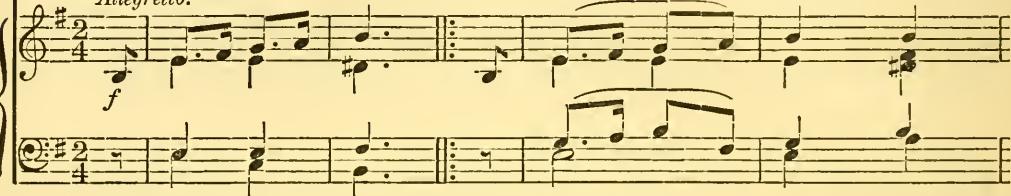
(NORWEGIAN SONG.)

Allegretto.

VOICE.



1. Thou love - ly maid - en come and throw the
 2. What mat - ter if thou have no gold to -
 3. The dice are thrown; the first time they up -

*Allegretto.*PIANO-
FORTE.

'gold - en dice with me, Ah! I pos - sess no yel - low gold to
 spend or lose in play? Right glad - ly I for stakes will fix thy
 - on the ta - ble fall, The maid - en los - es; strange to say she

p

stake in play with thee. } The gold - en dice they throw, the
 young heart fresh and gay. }
 does not scold at all! }

pp ritard.

gold - en dice they throw to - geth - er.

Reindeer Song.

(LAPLANDISH SONG.)

Andante, non troppo lento.

VOICE.

1. Reindeer, gal - lop fast O-vermount and plain, Till the tent we gain, And my love at last ;
 2. Ah! how short the day, And the roads how long, Come, let merry song Shorten now our way ;

Andante, non troppo lento.

PIANO-FORTE.

To the fo-rest haste, There green moss shalt taste ! To the fo-rest haste, There green moss shalt taste !
 Fly, my reindeer, here, Wolves are howl-ing near ! Fly, my reindeer, here, Wolves are howl-ing near !

cresc. *dim.*

3. Ah! yon ea - gle see ! Could I with him hie, Like the cloudlets fly, From all sor - row free !
 4. Rest I seek in vain ; Thousand mad de-sires, Like de - vor-ing fires, Fill my throbbing brain !

cresc. *dim.*

Then my eye could rove Un - to thee, oh love ! Then my eye could rove Un - to thee, oh love !
 Each one cries to thee, "Give thy heart to me !" Each one cries to thee, "Give thy heart to me !"

DANISH SONGS.

King Christian.

(DANISH NATIONAL SONG.)

Music by HARTMANN.

PIANO-FORTE. *Tempo marcia.*

1. King
2. Nils

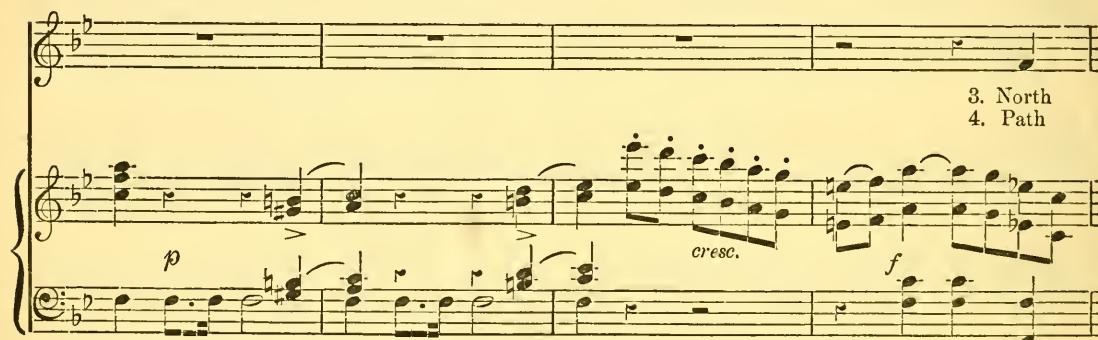
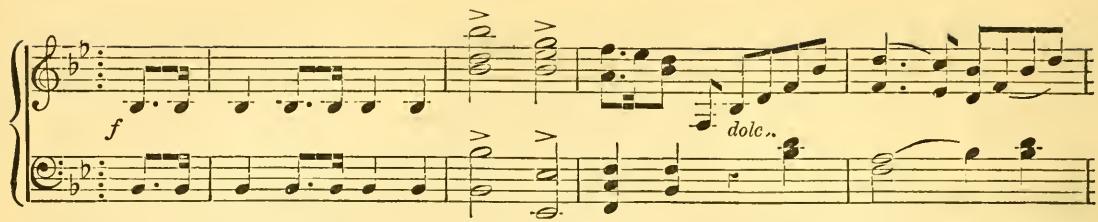
Chris-tian stood be - side the mast In smoke and mist; His
Ju - el heard the tem - pest high, 'Tis now the hour! He

glitt- ring sword was swing - ing fast, Thro' hos - tile heads it swift - ly pass'd, Then
rais'd the red flag t'wards the sky, And smote the foe till all did cry, A -

sank each Go -thic hulk... and mast In smoke and mist. Fly!
-loud a - bove the tem - pest high, 'Tis now the hour! Fly!

shout-ed they, for no man can, The pow'r of Den - mark's Chris - ti - an, The
called they, who his life would save! Of Den - mark's Ju - el who can brave, Of

pow'r of Den - mark's Den-mark's Chris - ti - an Re - sist!
Den - mark's Ju - el, who can brave The pow'r?



Sea! a glimpse of Wes - sel brake Thy low - 'ring sky!
of the Dane to fame and pow'r, Dark roll - ing flood! Thy Re -



knights are fight - ing for thy sake, With - in the sea foes ref - uge take, A
- ceive the friend who ne'er did cow'r Be - fore grim Death in dan - ger's hour, But



cry.... of wild des - pair.... doth break Thy low - 'ring sky. Fly!
braves, as thou, the tem - pest's pow'r, Dark roll - ing flood! Thy

shout they, e - ven war - riors bold, From Den - mark then - ders Tor - den - skield,* From
wa - t'ry arms my grave shall be, Re - ceive in war and vic - to - ry, Re -

Den - - mark thun - ders Tor - den - skield, Then fly!
- ceive in war and vic - to - ry My blood!

* *Skield*, the son of Odin, from whom the race of the Skoldinger descend.

The Dannebrog.*

(DANISH NATIONAL SONG.)

Music by BAY.

VOICE.

1. Proud Dan - ne - brog be flow - ing O'er Co - dan's roll-ing flood. Night
 2. To us thou cam'st from hea - ven, Dear re - lie of the Dane. Bold

PIANO-FORTE.

f

can - not hide thy glow - ing, Oh ban - ner red as blood! For thee has brave-ly
 sons for thee have striv - en, Their glo - ry ne'er shall wane. Thy name a - broad is

p dolce.

striv - en, And fall - en many a knight. Dear Denmark's name t'wards hea - ven, Wav'd
 ring - ing, Far o - ver land and sea; While north-ern bards are sing - ing Shall

f

high thy cross of light.
 live the praise of thee!

3 3

* Prompted by Pope Gregory IX, King Valdemar the Conqueror undertook an expedition to Estonia for the purpose of converting the heathens there to Christianity, 1219. The Danes were almost defeated, when, (as states the legend,) the *Dannebrog*-banner fell from heaven, and raised them to victory. This saying undoubtedly arose from the fact that the Pope gave Valdemar for this undertaking a "holy banner"—blood red, with a white cross in the centre—which became later the Danes' chief standard in all their wars, till it was lost to them in the unfortunate expedition to Dithmarsch in 1500.

3. Wave high in bat - tle proud - - ly, Like Ju - el's sword so bold ; When
4. As stars in heav'n, so ma - - ny, Great war - riors thou canst name ; Yet

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is for voice, the middle for piano, and the bottom for organ. The vocal line consists of two staves of music with lyrics. The piano part features a bass line with sustained notes and chords. The organ part is a continuous bass line. The lyrics describe a celestial scene with fire and light, and a shout to the heavens.

5. See, Christian's palm ap - pear - - ing, When - e'er thy cross, pure white, Its
6. On Da - na's shore wave proud - - ly, Fly high on In - dian land; Hark!
7. See, those to thee re - main - - ing, Glow as thy pur - pie - red; For

f

A musical score for 'The Danish Boat' featuring three staves. The top staff is treble clef, the middle staff is bass clef, and the bottom staff is bass clef. The lyrics are written in a single line across the staves. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The dynamic 'p' (piano) and the instruction 'dolce.' are placed below the middle staff. The lyrics are: 'crest is proud - ly rear - ing To spur the Danes in fight; On ev' - ry wind be as the waves beat loud - ly On Bar-b'ry's far - off strand, Thy prais - es they are thee, by love un - wan - ing, To death and vic - try led. O thou, our gio - ry's'

A musical score for 'The Bells of St. Paul' by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff is in C major, and the bottom staff is in F major. The lyrics are written in a single column, with the first two lines on the top staff and the third line on the middle staff. The music features various dynamics and performance markings, including a forte dynamic (f) and several greater than symbols (>). The score is set against a light gray background.

waves shall van - ish'd be!
he - roes pause to hear.
Danes' hearts beat no more!

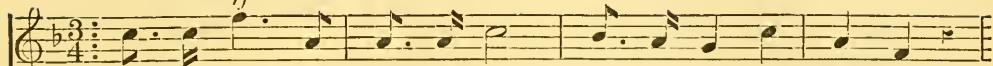
Denmark, by whose verdant strand.

(DANISH PATRIOTIC SONG.)

Music by R. Bay.

*Andante affetuoso.**rf*

VOICE.



1. Den - mark, by whose ver - dant strand North sea waves are gleam - ing,
 2. Den - mark, thou whose mo - ther arm Our fore - fa - thers che - rish'd,

*Andante affetuoso.*PIANO-
FORTE.

As of old, in all thy land Love and joy are beam - ing,
 Ev' - ry true son's heart glows warm, Where they liv'd and pe - rish'd.



Flow'r - ets shed their sweet per - fume, Birds are heav'n - ward soar - ing;
 As thy oak - en fo - rests old O'er thee proud - ly tow - er,



And o'er many a he - ro's tomb Songs of praise are pour - ing.
 So thy chil - dren, strong and bold, Watch in dan - ger's hour.....



CHORUS. (ad lib.)

Flow'rets shed their sweet perfume, Birds are heav'nward soaring,
As thy oak-en fo-rests old O'er thee proudly tow-er,
And o'er many a he-ro's tomb
So thy chil-dren, strong and bold,

Flow'rets shed their sweet perfume, Birds are heav'nward soaring,
As thy oak-en fo-rests old O'er thee proudly tow-er,
And o'er many a he-ro's tomb
So thy chil-dren, strong and bold,

Songs of praise are pour - ing.
Watch in dan-ger's hour.....

Songs of praise are pour - ing.
Watch in dan-ger's hour.....

risoluto.

3. Here we all a fa - ther meet, And a gen - tle mo - ther,
4. Hail to prince, and hail to land ! By the North - sea gleam - ing,
5. Let our songs ring clear and high, U - ni - ty is reign - ing.

Den - mark we as mo - ther greet, And each Dane as bro - ther.
On whose flow'r - y ver - dant strand Joy and peace are beam - ing!
We'll to - ge - ther live and die, True to death re - main - ing!

Songs of knights and he - roes bold Through the land are ring - ing;
 Deep in shades of fo - rests here War - riors old are sleep - ing,
 Bro - thers let us all then aid Den - mark's fame to nour - ish;

rf *rf* *rf*

Prais - es of the old Ski - old We are ev - er sing - ing.
 Maids are charm - ing, sun - shine clear, Hon - our guard is keep - ing.
 Long live king, and land, and maid, Long may Den - mark flour - ish!

CHORUS. (*ad lib.*)

Songs of knights and he - roes bold Thro' the land are ring-ing; Prais-es of the old Ski-old
 Deep in shades of fo - rest here Warriors old are sleeping, Maids are charming, sunshine clear,
 Brothers, let us all then aid Denmark's fame to nour-ish, Long live king, and land, and maid,

Songs of knights and he - roes bold Thro' the land are ring-ing; Prais-es of the old Ski-old
 Deep in shades of fo - rest here Warriors old are sleeping, Maids are charming, sunshine clear,
 Brothers, let us all then aid Denmark's fame to nour-ish, Long live king, and land, and maid,

We are ev - er sing - ing.
 Hon - our guard is keep - ing.
 Long may Den - mark flour - ish!

We are ev - er sing - ing.
 Hon - our guard is keep - ing.
 Long may Den - mark flour - ish!

risoluto.

f *rf* *rf*

Denmark.

(DANISH PATRIOTIC SONG.)

Music by C. F. WEYSE.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

1. To-wards the north a beau-teous land is ly - ing, And tho' we
 2. From Ey - der's stream to Ska-gen's white hills gleam - ing, Turn'd northward,

mf

find no tow'r-ing moun-tains there; No place can with its love - li-ness be
 wash'd by waves is Jut-land's strand. A coun-try where pros-per - i-ty is

ff

vie - ing— It is our Fa-ther-land, our Denmark fair. Far in the North-sea's silv'ry waves'tis
 beam-ing, Rich with the gold of many a for-eign land. The prancing war-horse o'er the field's ca -

p

glow - ing With leaf - y elms where fea-ther'd song-sters nest; On ev' - ry
 - reer - ing, And hosts of war - riors guard their na - tive bay; While migh - ty

poco rall.

part kind Heav'n some gifts be - stowing, On ev' - ry part God's peace"ul blessings rest.
 oaks for ships the woods are rear - ing, To be of Den - mark's pow'r the prop and stay.

f poco rall.

3. And east-ward vie the friend - ly shores of Zea - land, With those of Fu-nen's isle, in glimm'ring
 4. Far southward where the Elbe's soft waves are play - ing, Where thousand ships rock near the ver - dant
 5. Thus stream and Sound the towns and mead-ows sev - er, Yet Denmark stands u - ni - ted in its

mf *f* *mf*

sheen; There, cloth'd in white near Fal - ster's strand and Laa - land, The maid - en
 strand; 'Midst ma - ny gold - en sheaves the kine are stray - ing, And graze con -
 might, A na - tion's faith - ful love will bind it ev - er, And hon - our

ff

of the waves stands crown'd with green, Her health - y peo - ple ne'er can want be
 - tent - ed on the fer - tile land. Where in the Bal - tic storm-birds wild are
 stands a guard - ian for its right. A com - mon cause here ev' - ry heart is

f *p*

know - ing; The grain here, like a heav - ing sea, waves high; 'Round flow - 'ry
 cry - ing, Stands Bornholm's migh - ty breast on rock - y ground, Deep in its
 blend - ing, And lov - ing chil - dren guard each na - tive shore, All Dan - ish

ff

poco rall.

meadows bow - ers fair are glow - ing, Ah! here 'tis sweet to live and hard to die!
 heart are sparkling treas - ures ly - ing, And men there laugh a - loud at danger's sound.
 hearts one pray'r to Heav'n are send - ing, God guard our king and land for ev - er - more.

f poco rall.

A Soldier brave.

(DANISH NATIONAL SONG.)

Music by HORNEMANN.

VOICE. *Tempo di Marcia.*

1. As I to war did go, As I to war did go, My
 2. The two old ones you see, The two old ones you see, Thus

Tempo di Marcia.

PIANO-FORTE. *mf*

maid-en would come too, yes, My maid-en would come too. That can-not be, my love, For
 spake they un - to me, yes, Thus spake they un - to me: "If all our men now go To

ev - er on we move, And if no ball does hit me, why, Soon home a - gain I'll rove. Ah!
 fight a-against the foe, Ah! who will plough for us our fields, And who the grass will mow? Yes,

were the foe not near,.. I ne'er to war would go; Yet all the Dan-ish maid - ens now
 that is just the rea - son why we must march, hurrah! Or else will come the Ger - mans and*

* German-Danish war, regarding the annexation of Sleswig-Holstein to Prussia.

count on me, you know. And therefore I'll fight bravely, as valiant soldier true! Hur -
help us from a - far; And therefore I'll fight bravely, as valiant soldier true! Hur -

rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! 3. If now the Ger - mans near, If
rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! 4. The Dan - ne - brog know I, The

mf

now the Ger - mans near, I pi - ty all men here, yes, I pi - ty all men here; To
Dan - ne - brog know I, It fell from hea - ven high, yes, It fell from hea - ven high; It

Pe - ter and to Paul, They say: "you're la - zy all;" And if one scold in Dan - ish, why, "Hols
waves up - on the sea, Be - fore the peo - ple free; You'll nev - er find a ban - ner which could

maul!"* they loud-ly call! If one could but in words, ah! up - on them vengeance wreak! Yet
like un - to it be! And they have mock'd its glo - ry with deeds pro-fane and bold. Ha!

there are far too ma - ny who on - ly Dan-ish speak. And therefore I'll fight bravely, as
there-un - to our ban - ner is far too good and old! And therefore I'll fight bravely, as

val - iant sol - dier true! Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!
val - iant sol - dier true! Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!

5. Why should we fear the foe? Why should we fear the foe? Our king's our friend, we know, yes, Our
6. For maid-en and for land, For maid-en and for land, We all will take our stand, yes, We

* North German dialect for "shut up!"

king's our friend, we know, He bears a shin - ing sword, He strikes and wastes no word; And
all will take our stand, And shame on those who slight Their lan-guage true and right, And

al-ways 'fore a Dan-ish king one is a lit - tle awed. Yet now they all be-have as tho'
do not for the Dan-ne-brog storm on-ward to the fight. Ah! should I ne'er come back here to

he no more were free! Ha! much they'd like to have him in Ger-man sla - ve - ry! And
greet the homestead dear, I'm sure my king will com-fort for me my old ones here! And

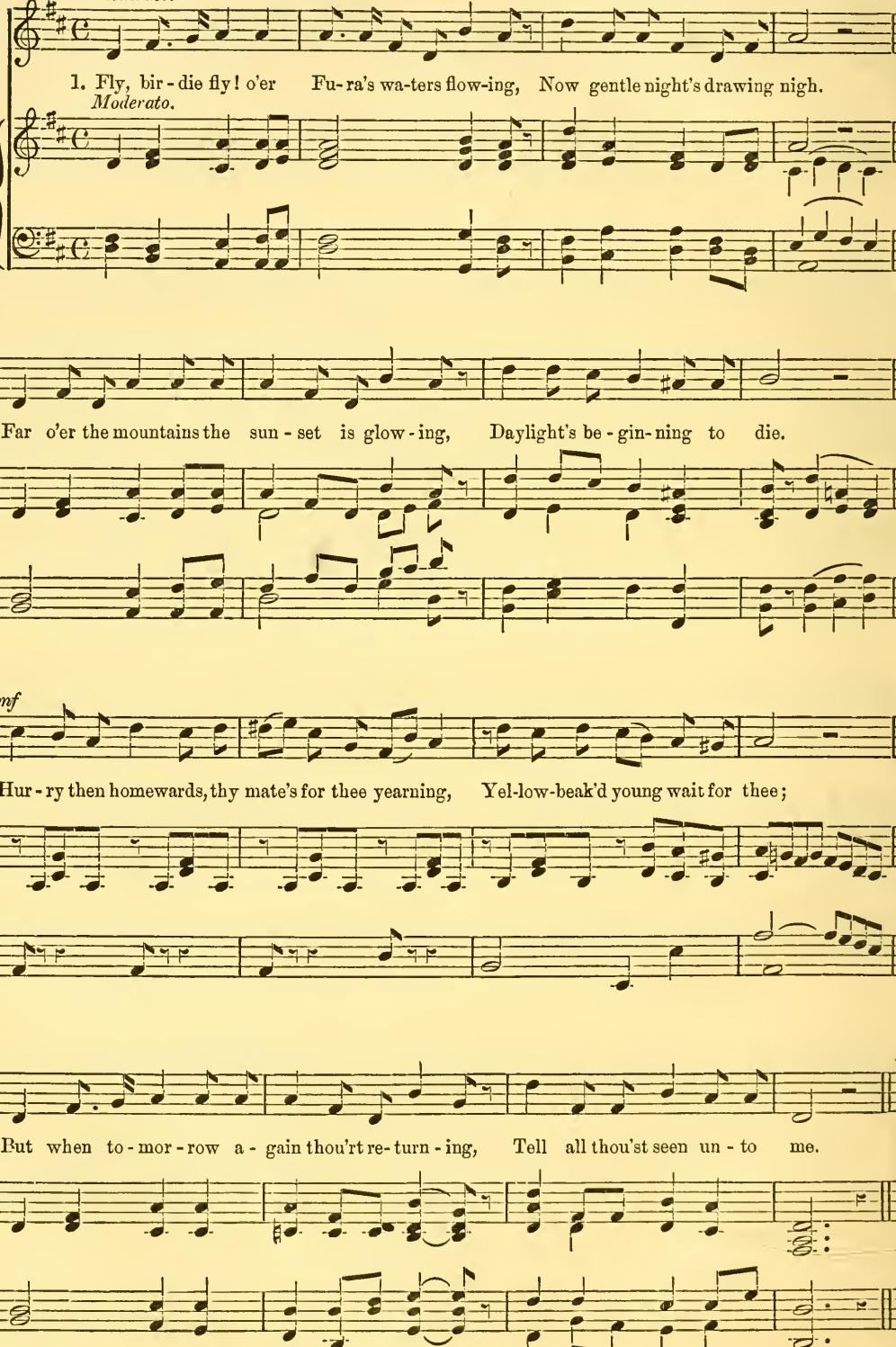
there-fore I'll fight bravely, as val-iant sol-dier true! Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!
there-fore I'll fight bravely, as val-iant sol-dier true! Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!

Fly, birdie, fly!

(DANISH SONG.)

Music by I. P. E. HARTMANN.

Moderato.

VOICE. 

PIANO-FORTE.

1. Fly, bir-die fly! o'er Fu-ra's wa-ters flow-ing, Now gentle night's drawing nigh.
Moderato.

Far o'er the mountains the sun-set is glow-ing, Daylight's be-gin-ning to die.

mf

Hur-ry then homewards, thy mate's for thee yearning, Yel-low-beak'd young wait for thee;

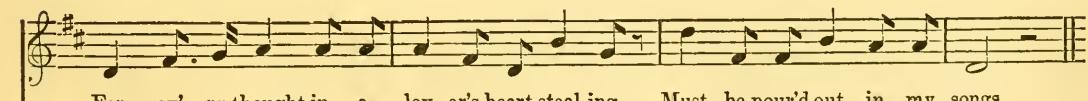
But when to-mor-row a-gain thou'rt re-turn-ing, Tell all thou'rt seen un-to me.



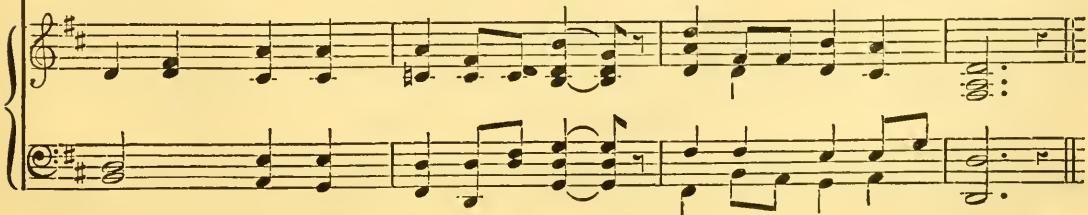
If two fond lov - ers thou'rt yon - der per - ceiv - ing, Search thou the depths of their heart.



I, as a sing - er must know ev' - ry feel - ing, Which to love's rap - ture be - longs;



For ev' - ry thought in a lov - er's heart steal - ing, Must be pour'd out in my songs.



Little Karen.*

(DANISH SONG.)

Music by P. HEISE.

Alegretto.

VOICE.

1. Dost re-mem-ber, dear, when last Au-tumn home we went Thro' the fields, how
 2. Dost re-mem-ber, too, when a-round the hearth sat we, Thou didst si-lent

*Allegretto.*PIANO-
FORTE.

oft thy blue eyes on me were bent? It flash'd a-cross my mind That till
 list to the sto-ries told by me? Thy gaze on me was turn'd, Till my



then I had been blind, Tell me lit - tle Kar - en what thy heart felt
 heart with-in me burn'd, Tell me lit - tle Kar - en what thy heart felt



then, Tell me lit - tle Kar - en what thy heart felt then?
 then, Tell me lit - tle Kar - en what thy heart felt then?

* Pronounce the *a* broadly, as in the word *far*.

† In the original the accent falls thus:—





We with nim - ble
 Birds be - gin to



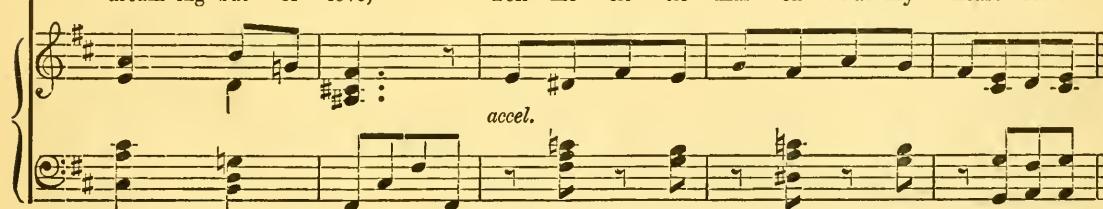
feet flit - ted gai - ly o'er the ground.
 build, na - ture's deck'd now like a bride.

I glanc'd but did not speak— Deep
 All things that live and move Are



crim - son grew thy cheek,
 dream-ing but of love,

Tell me lit - tle Kar - en what thy heart felt
 Tell me lit - tle Kar - en what thy heart feels



then,
 now, Tell me lit - tle Kar - en what thy heart felt then?
 Tell me lit - tle Kar - en what thy heart feels now?



The knight's courtship.

(OLD DANISH SONG.)

Allegretto moderato.

VOICE.

1. A knight, young and hand-some He roam'd in the wood, And dream'd of a
 2. He stept to her fa - ther And spake with-out fear: "Sir knight, your sweet
 3. "Young knight, from my keep - ing A hind you de - mand, Which, shot by a

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO-FORTE.

maid - en Of right no - ble blood; He want - ed to win her His
 daugh - ter Is un - to me dear; I'm long - ing to win her My
 stran - ger Is out of my hand; En - gag'd.... is my daugh - ter, A

fair bride to be, As she was so young, And so beau - ti - ful was
 fair bride to be, For she is so young, And so beau - ti - ful is
 duke's bride she'll be, As she is so young, And so beau - ti - ful is

she; As she.. was so young, And so beau - ti - ful was she.
 she; For she.. is so young, And so beau - ti - ful is she."
 she; As she.. is so young, And so beau - ti - ful is she."

fz

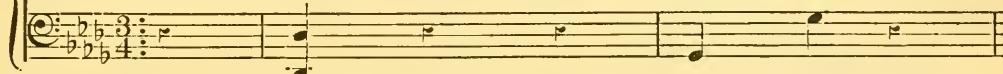
Journeymen's song.

(DANISH.)

Music by N. P. HILLEBRAND.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

*Allegretto.*PIANO-
FORTE.

fain be know-ing; Ne'er his heart's at rest. World's a road of free-dom o - pen
 haunts his pil-low, Clouds his path-way o'er. Some-times joy will vis - it him in
 heart is yearn-ing Back a - gain to roam. Oh! of ev - ry spot on earth and

un - to all, Where one wan - ders on, to rise or fall; World's a
 stran - ger's land, Joy and pain go ev - er hand - in - hand; Some-times
 ev - ry strand, There is none so dear as Fa - ther - land. Oh! of

road of free-dom o - pen un - to all, Where one wan - ders on to rise or fall!
 joy will vis - it him in stran - ger's land, Joy and pain go ev - er hand - in - hand!
 ev - ry spot on earth and ev - ry strand, There is none so dear as Fa - ther - land!

fz dim.

By the sea shore.

(SERENADE.)

(DANISH SONG.)

Music by NIELS W. GADE.

VOICE. *Andantino grazioso.* (Singer.) *dolce.*

PIANOFORTE. *pp dolce.*

1. Still is the moon - light, while
2. Ah! can she guess when so

si - lent l wan - der; Light from her win - dow is
peace - ful - ly sleep - ing, Whose are the songs which soft

gleam - ing no more. Wilt thou oh! wave, play - ing
hom - age now bring? Ah! can she know that I

care - less - ly yon - der, Come and be sing - ing,
watch here am keep - ing, Sor - row has van - ish'd,

un poco ritenuto.

un poco ritenuto.

dolce. a tempo. <>

Love's greet - ing bring - - ing. Songs of de - light to my un -
Cares are all ban - - ish'd, Dreams and fair pic - tures

p a tempo.

(The Wave.)
pp un poco mosso.

dar - ling out - pour? "Hush! I am splash - ing soft
fold as I sing. "Rhymes weird and chang - ing I

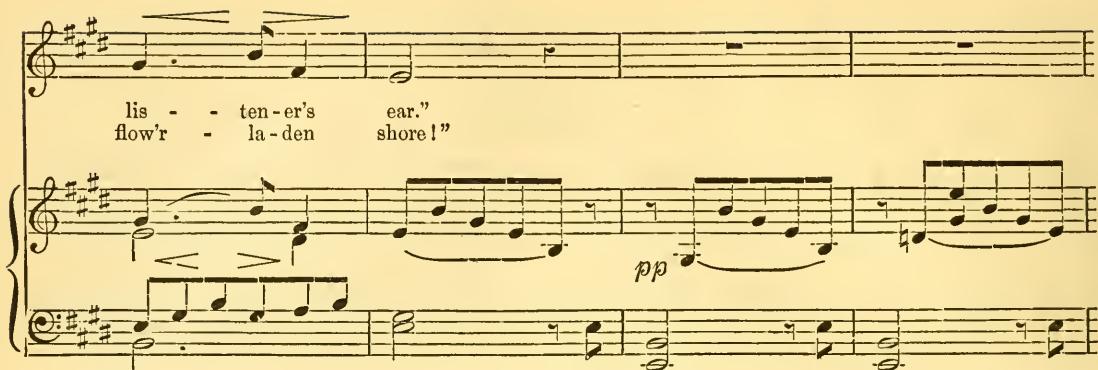
3 3 3
pp un poco mosso.

me - lo-dies here; Sweet - ly and slow - - ly,
find ev - er - more, Pic - tures I'm show - - ing,

riten. pp a tempo.

Mur - mur-ing low - - ly, Lul - la - by's ma - gie for
Fai - ry-like glow - - ing, Ha! while I dash on the

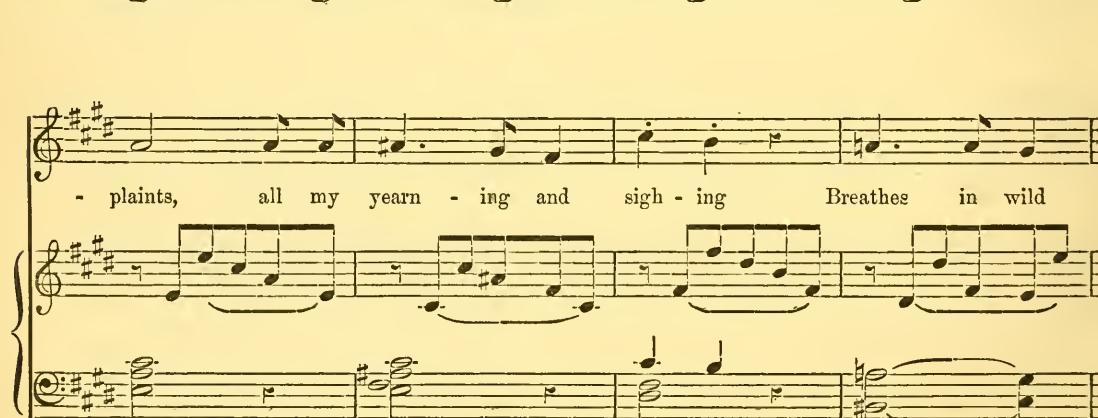
riten. pp a tempo.



lis - - ten - er's ear."
flow'r - - la - den shore!"

(Singer.) *dolce.*

3. Melt - ing com -
riten.



- plaints, all my yearn - ing and sigh - ing Breathes in wild



pas - sion my tre - mu - lous strain; May it thro'

pp

dream - land's dim re - gions be fly - - ing, Mys - tic spells
un poco ritenuato.

break - ing, Thee, my love, wak - - ing, Bear - ing thy
p a tempo.

(The Wave.)
pp un poco mosso.
 soul back to earth's joy a - gain. "Op' - - ning my
p *pp un poco mosso.*

< >
 arms as I wan - - der a - long, Rest - less-ly
3 3 3 *3 3 3*

riten. *pp a tempo.*

plash - - ing, Heav - ing and dash - - ing, Wish I good -

riten. *pp a tempo.*

- night with my mur - - mur-ing song.

pp

riten.

smorz. *pp*

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is a soprano line, the second is an alto line, the third is a bass line, and the bottom is a piano accompaniment. The music is in common time, with a key signature of two sharps. The vocal parts feature eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The piano part includes sustained notes and chords. Various dynamics and performance instructions are included, such as 'riten.' (ritenzo), 'pp a tempo.' (pianissimo with tempo), 'smorz.' (smorzando), and 'pp' (pianissimo). The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts, with 'plash - - ing, Heav - ing and dash - - ing, Wish I good -' in the first section and '- night with my mur - - mur-ing song.' in the second section. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

Farewell, darling Maggie.

(DANISH SONG.)

Music by NIELS W. GADE.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE

Oh! lis - ten, mas - ter gold - smith, I'm ve - ry sad at heart; To -

mf p

- day my dar - ling Mag - gie will to dis - tant lands de - part. And so good mas - ter

make me, a gold - en ring, I pray. And write in - side the sen - tence I

un - to thee now say: "Fare - well, fare - well,..... dar - ling

< > p

rit.

animato.

Mag - - gie!" "Yes, yes, good sir, thy wish - es ful -

- fill'd shall quick - ly be, Yet do not be so mourn - ful, she'll soon re - turn to

thee. See, here is what thou want - est, A ring of fi - nest gold, And

allegro.

look, in - side I've writ - ten with many a flour-ish bold:— "Fare - well, fare -

tempo 10.

- well! dar - ling Mag - gie!" 'Twas not like that I

meant it, sir gold-smith, no! oh no! "I thought, my friend, thou wish'd it, to

be ex - act - ly so?" Oh! no good mas-ter gold - smith, oh! no, not thus in -

deed, I'd like it writ-ten plain - ly, that all with ease may read: "Fare -

well! Fare - well!..... dar - ling Mag - - gie!"

lento.

rit. <>

p

rit. *p*

L

DUTCH SONGS.

Dutch National Song.

Andante.

VOICE.

1. Let him in whom old Dutch blood flows, Un - tain - ed, free and
 2. We bro - thers, true un - to a man, Will sing the old song

PIANO-FORTE.

strong; Whose heart for Prince and coun - try glows, Now join us in our song; Let
 yet; A - way with him who ev - er can His Prince or land for - get! A

him with us lift up his voice, And sing in pa - triot band, The
 hu - man heart glow'd in him ne'er, We turn from him our hand, Who

song at which all hearts re - joice, For Prince and Fa - ther - land, For
 cal - lous hears the song and pray'r, For Prince and Fa - ther - land, For

Prince and Fa - ther - land!
Prince and Fa - ther - land!

3. Pre - serve, oh God, the dear old ground Thou
4. Loud ring thro' all re - joic - ings here, Our

f *p* *p*

to our fa - thers gave; The land where we a cra - dle found, And
pray'r, oh Lord, to Thee! Pre - serve our Prince, his House, so dear To

where we'll find a grave! We call, oh Lord, to Thee on high, As
Hol - land, great and free! From youth thro' life, be this our song, Till

mf

f

near death's door we stand. Oh! safe - ty, bless - ing, is our cry, For
near to death we stand: Oh God, pre - serve our sov' reign long, Our

f *p*

3rd verse. 4th verse.

Prince and Fa - ther - land, For Prince and Fa-ther - land.
Prince and Fa - ther - land, Our Prince and Fa-ther - - land.

f *f*

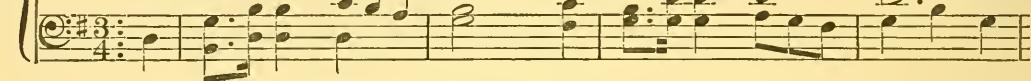
Flanders.*

Allegretto con spirito.

Music by RICHARD HOL.

VOICE.

1. Come sing of Flanders' glo - ry, Our coun - try fair and dear, Our
 2. Here no vol - ca - no bla - zing, No snow - clad mount thou'l see, But
 3. Thy looms thro' ma - ny a - ges, Were o'er the world re - nown'd, And

*Allegretto con spirito.*PIANO-
FORTE.

fa - thers fam'd in sto - ry, In peace are rest - ing here; Here rock'd us once our
 health-y flocks are graz - ing, On pas - tures rich and free; Such gifts we far more
 prais'd in his - tory's pa - ges, Thy rich and fer - tile ground; Dost high a - bove each



mo - ther, And led with lov - ing hand. Oh! dear a - bove all o - ther, My
 trea - sure, Than landscapes wild and grand. Oh! fair be - yond all mea - sure, My
 neigh - bour, In art and tal - ent stand; Oh! land of fruit - ful la - bour, My

*ff CHORUS ad lib.*

Flem - ish land, My Flem - ish land, My Flem - ish land, My Flem - ish land!



* This song was composed for an open competition of Dutch national songs, and obtained the first prize at Ghent, 1869.

4. No tu - mults here are rag - ing, No foes have we to fear; The
 5. Sub - mis - sive is our na - tion, Al - though from ering-ing free, 'Tis
 6. Oh! Fa - ther we im - plore Thee, Thy gifts on us be - stow, Let,

wars our sires were wag - ing, Have gain'd us free-dom here! Our fa-thers then who
 fill'd with ven - e - ra - tion, For law and lib - er - ty. Her chil-dren guard with
 as we kneel be - fore Thee, Thy bless - ings on us flow! Oh! Thou who. fail'd us

per-ish'd, In dear re - mem-brance stand, Oh! hon - our'd, lov'd, and cher - ish'd, My
 bra - v'y Their free-dom's pre-cious band, Oh! free from ev - 'ry sla - v'y, My
 nev - er, Spread still o'er us Thy hand, And guard our dear land ev - er, My

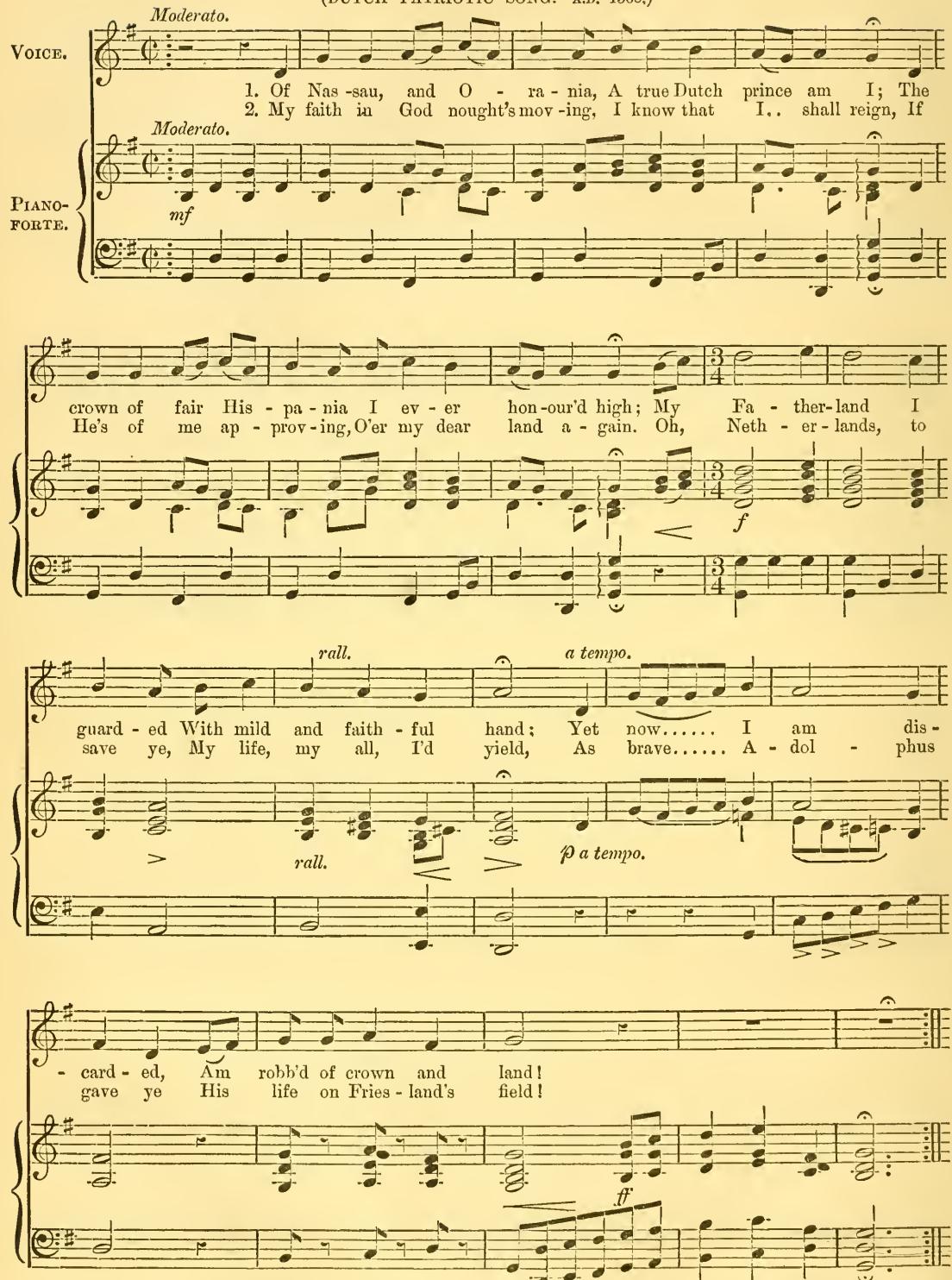
ff CHORUS *ad lib.*

Flem-ish land, My Flem - ish land, My Flem - ish land, My Flem - ish land!

William of Nassau.

(DUTCH PATRIOTIC SONG. A.D. 1568.)

Moderato.

VOICE. 

Moderato.

PIANO-FORTE. 

rall. *a tempo.*

guard-ed With mild and faith-ful hand; Yet now..... I am dis-
save ye, My life, my all, I'd yield, As brave..... A-dol-phus

rall. *>* *rall.* *>* *p a tempo.*

- card-ed, Am robb'd of crown and land! *gave ye His life on Fries-land's field!*

ff

* "William of Nassau," and "The Tithe," are good specimens of a numerous class of Dutch songs which owe their origin to the time when the Duke of Alva was sent to the Netherlands, armed by Philip II., with the most absolute power over the unhappy country, to mercilessly extinguish the rising flame of religious reformation and political independence. In the admirable work of J. F. Williams; "Oude Vlaemische Liederen, ten deele met de Melodiën," Ghent, a number of these lyrics are preserved. Unfortunately they are nearly all of great length, "William of Nassau" consists of 15 verses, which the length of this work forbids to give in full; though greatly condensed, the version given here preserves the sense of the whole. *

3. How ma - ny knights have giv - en For yo their no - ble blood, And
 4. Oh, Neth - er - lands, on turn - ing To ye my proud heart bleeds ; My
 5. To God, the Lord of pow - er, Trust Chris-tian - like the fight, And

mf

I have ev - er striv - en To reign as Chris-tian good. From faith I ne'er will
 roy - al blood is burn-ing At Spaniard's cow - ard deeds. The lands in my pos -
 He in dan - ger's hour Will sure de - fend the right. I ne'er, I vow to

f

rall.

a tempo.

sev - er, Thou, Lord, shalt be my shield; A - gainst..... op - pres - sion
 - ses - sion Are wast - ing, I must flee! Oh Lord,..... from Spain's op -
 Heav - en, De - spis'd the king of Spain; I but..... what God has

> rall.

> p a tempo.

ev - er My faith - ful sword I'll wield!
 pres - sion Help me my peo - ple free!
 giv - en In jus - tice would re - tain!

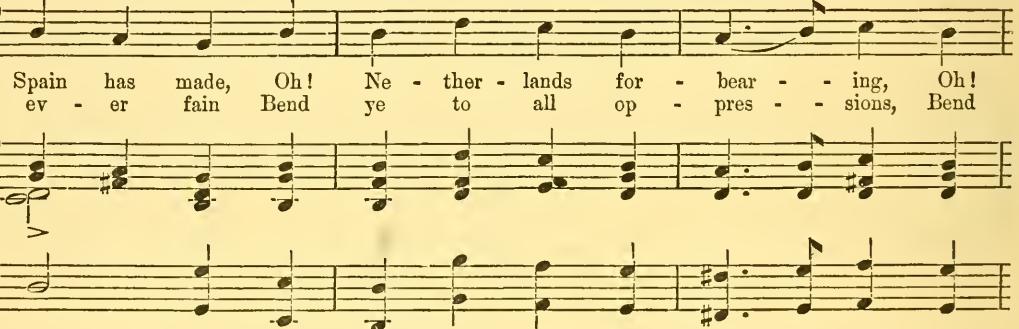
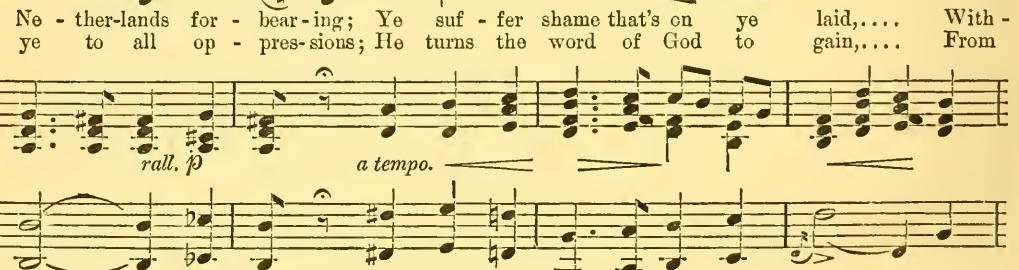
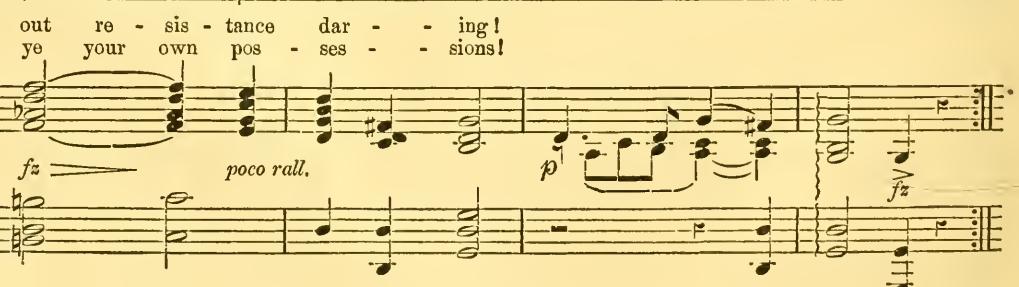
ff

The Tithe.*

(OLD DUTCH PATRIOTIC SONG. A.D. 1570.)

Allegro moderato.

VOICE.

*Allegro moderato.*PIANO-
FORTE.*rall.* *a tempo.**poco rall.*

* See footnote to previous song.

3. He draws from each his dear - est good, Keeps it him - self, and
 4. Yet they who faith in him con - serve, Must mo - ney, blood, the

e - ven would Quell free - dom in our na - - tion, Quell
 God they serve, Soon un - to him sur - ren - der, Soon

rall. *a tempo.*
 free - dom in our na - tion! He robs us men, or sheds our blood... Or
 un - to him sur - ren - der; Who give him much dare nought re - serve.... The

rall. p *a tempo.*

poco rall.
 takes our re - pu - ta - - tion!
 tithe they too must ten - - der!

fz *poco rall.* *p* *fz*

5. Take oft - en one from ten, you'll see, At last not much will
 6. His sav - age hun - ger quits him ne'er, Gold, gold and blood his

o - ver be. This wolf not on - ly tak - - eth, This
 whole thoughts share; When he be - tween them choos - - eth, When

rall. a tempo.

wolf not on - ly tak - eth, The shep - herd, wool, and milk, but he..... The
 he be - tween them choo-seth, Be - fore he'll yield, the mo - ney e'er..... E'en

rall. p a tempo.

poco rall.

sheep's poor back e'en break - - eth!
 roy - al blood he los - - eth!

fz = poco rall. p fz

7. Does he de - serve the tithe to take? On all your goods a -
 8. Ye bear all meek - ly, Ne - ther - lands! What death in life be -

pro - fit make, In word and deed de - ceiv - - ing, In
 - fore ye stands! Serve ty - rants of His - pa - - mia, Serve

rall. *a tempo.*
 word and deed de - ceiv - ing? If ye give in ye'll nev - er break.... The
 ty - rants of His - pa - mia? Or place your cause with - in the hands.... Of

rall. p *a tempo.*

poco rall.

bonds ye now are weav - - ing!
 our own prince O - ra - - - mia!

poco rall.

Old Dutch Ballad.*

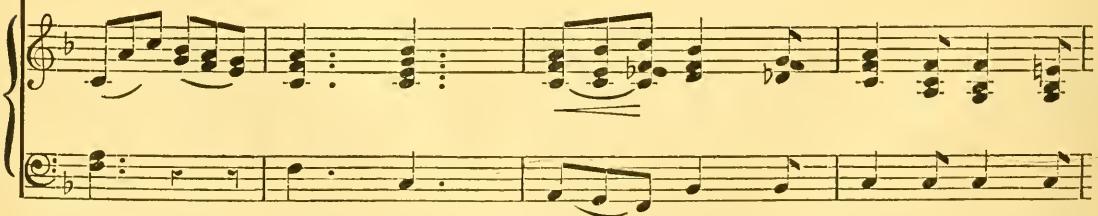
Allegretto.

15th Century.

VOICE.

*Allegretto.*PIANO-
FORTE.

throw! She pluck'd the sweet - est flow'r - ets there, With - in its depths to
 thee?" A wealth - y man then pass - ing near Ask'd: "Maid, what ail - eth
 need. An or - phan I, not God nor man Can help me in my



* The original Ballad contains 11 verses, which are here condensed into five. This melody is evidently a variation of the German Lied, "In einem kühlen Grunde."



throw.
thee?"
need."

4. "My mo - ther lies 'neath
5. "I'll fa - ther, bro - ther



yon green bank, My fa - ther here was drown'd. My bro - ther sprang to
be to thee, And hus - band all in one." All thanks and praise to



save him, — sank — A wat - 'ry grave he found. My bro - ther sprang to
him shall be, Who such good deed hath done! All thanks and praise to



save him, — sank — A wat - 'ry grave he found."
him shall be, Who such good deed hath done!



The gay Fisherboy.

(OLD FLEMISH SONG.)

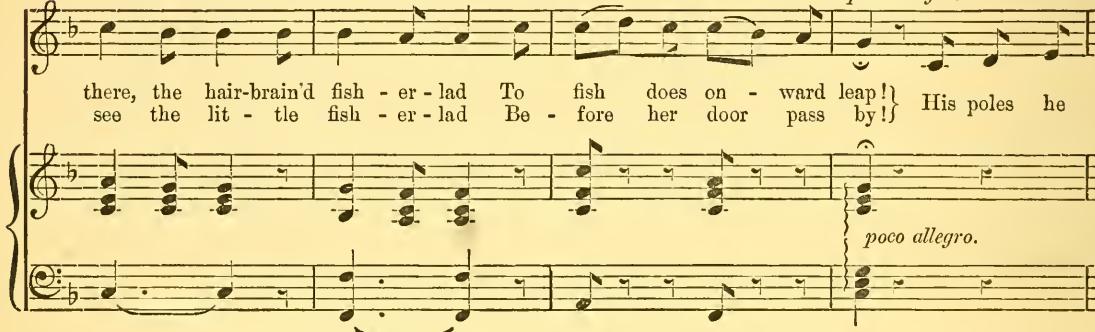
16th Century.

Scherzando.

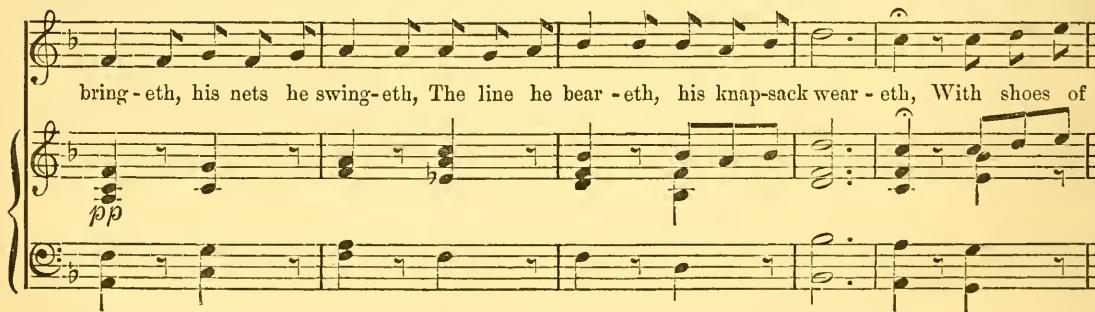
VOICE. 

PIANO-FORTE. 

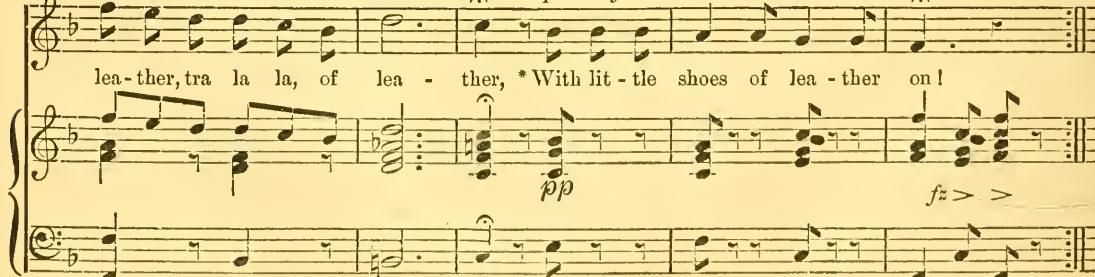
poco allegro.



poco allegro.



più allegro.



ff >

* This allusion to "leather shoes" indicates a sort of dandyism, being a luxury rarely indulged in by the working classes of those days.



3. "What have I done to thee, dear? What have I done, come say, yes, say! That
4. "Thou hast done no - thing to me, Hast nev - er caused me woe, no, no! But



thou wilt not al - low.... me To go.... in peace my way?" His poles he
thou three times must kiss.... me E'er on - ward thou dost go!"

poco allegro.



bring - eth, his nets he swing - eth, The line he bear - eth, his knap - sack wear - eth, with shoes of



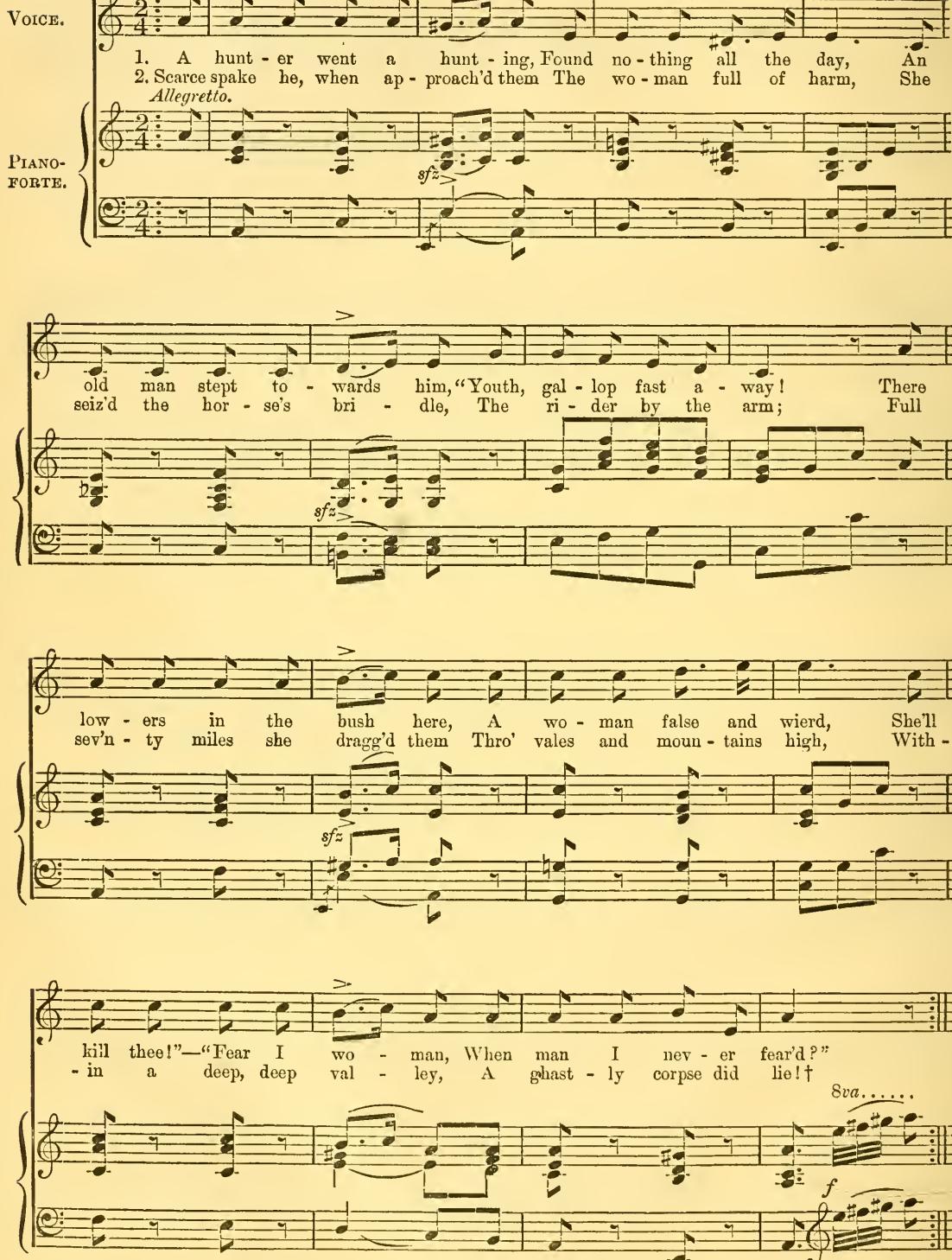
lea - ther, tra la la, of lea - ther, With lit - tle shoes of lea - ther on!

piu allegro.

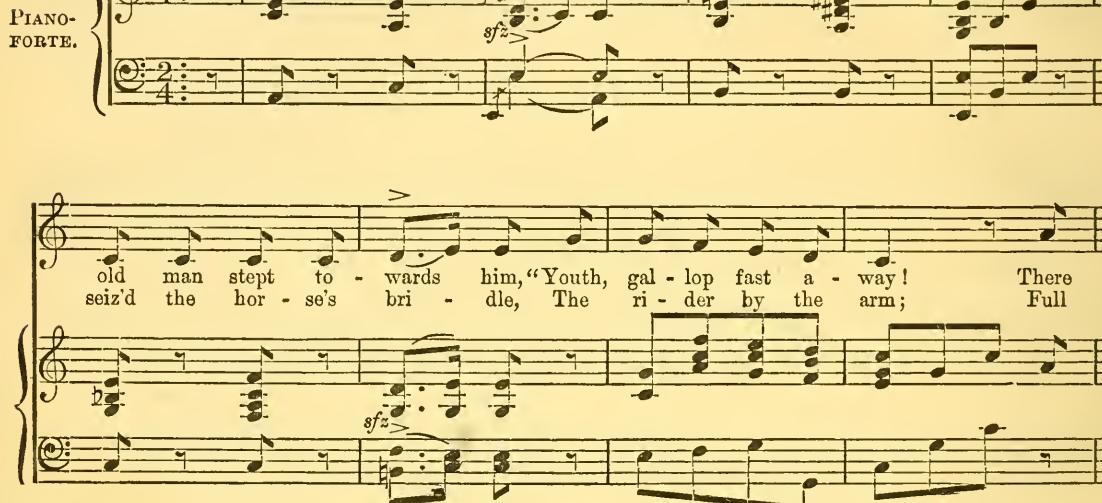


The Greek Huntsman.

(OLD DUTCH LEGEND.*)

*Allegretto.*VOICE. 

1. A hunt - er went a hunt - ing, Found no - thing all the day, An
 2. Scarce spake he, when ap - proach'd them The wo - man full of harm, She

*Allegretto.*PIANO-
FORTE. 

old man stept to - wards him, "Youth, gal - lop fast a - way! There
 seiz'd the hor - se's bri - dle, The ri - der by the arm; Full

low - ers in the bush here, A wo - man false and wierd, Shell
 sev'n ty miles she dragg'd them Thro' vales and moun - tains high, With -

kill thee!"—"Fear I wo - man, When man I nev - er fear'd?"
 - in a deep, deep val - ley, A ghast - ly corpse did lie!†

8va.....

* First published A.D. 1645; the original Dutch version containing 10 verses.

† "Roasted man" in the original.

3. "And must my life I lose.... now, And mis - e - ra - bly die? Ha!
 4. "I'm but e - lev'n years old.... now, When I'm grown up thoult see, I
 5. "Thou prais - est so thy daugh - ter, Let me the fair one greet!" "I'll

know, thou fear - ful wo - man, The Greek king's son am I; His
 shall be e - ven tall - er, Than a - ny for - est tree! "Then
 guide thee to her pre - sence, Come, mount this po - ny fleet." "Is

wife is Mar - ga - re - ta, My mo - ther dear is she." "Thou
 thou shalt wed my daugh - ter, Ah! she is won - drous fair, Great
 that dark witch thy daugh - ter? I'll wed her ne'er!" Ah! sore The

art so short, the Greek king, A gi - ant man is he!"
 cost - ly jew - els cov - er, Her neck, and arms, and hair."
 youth his words re - pent - ed; The world ne'er saw him more.

8va.....

The Patriots.

(DUTCH SONG.)

Allegretto marziale.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

1. Say, when our Pa - tri - ots march to bat - tle, What shall they eat in
Allegretto marziale.

camp Young roast - ed chick - ens, ha! and pas - ties, They shall
p

eat when they march to bat - tle. Cap - tain, lieu - te - nant bold, en - sign,
ff

ser - jeant, drum - mer, Cor - po - ral, Pa - tri - ots com - rades, ha! com - rades!

2. Where shall our Pa - tri - ots bold re - pose.. then, When they to bat - tle
 3. What shall our Pa - tri - ots have to play.. with, When they to bat - tle

ff

go? Up - on soft beds with sheets of the fin - est Shall our
 go? Ha! ha! with cards and charm - ing young maid - ens Shall they

p

Pa - tri - ots bold re - pose.. then, } Cap - tain, lieu - te - nant bold, en - sign,
 play when they go to bat - tle then, }

ff

ser - jeant, drum - mer, Cor - po - ral, Pa - tri - ots com - rades, ha! com - rades!

The merry Maidens.

(DUTCH SONG.)

PIANO-FORTE.

Tempo di minuetto, tr.

1. Gai - e - ty here, Ev - er is near!
 2. Five wan - der there, Youth - ful and fair!
 3. Ma - ri - on see! Fain would she be

Joy's to be found with the maid - ens so dear. Sum - mer - time
 Coun - te - nance beam - ing and smil - ing they wear. Gai - ly they're
 Mer - ri - ly danc - ing, yet noth - ing knows she, Glad - ly I

gay.... Laugh - ing - ly they.... Chat - ter of dan - cing and
 drest.... All in their best.... Rea - dy and wil - ling to
 know... She would be - stow.. Hand on the first who to

plea - sure all day. They make men mer - ry, the maid - ens sweet.
dance with the rest. They trip to vi - o - lins mer - ry sound
ask it would go. She's ve - ry kind to the young folks all;

Look how they ram - ble a - long the street! Mo - ney is free
Min - u - et dain - ti - ly o'er the ground, A - pron so fine
Keeps of the dain - ti - est sweets a stall, Best sh'd per - chance

With them that we.... Blithe - some and jo - cu - lar ev - er may
Love - locks di - vine.... Make them a - mong all the maid - ens to
Give for a dance Come - ly youths al - ways her young heart en

be!
shine!
- trance!

1st & 2nd time. | last time.

1st & 2nd time. | last time.

fz

The Flemish maiden and the Frenchman.

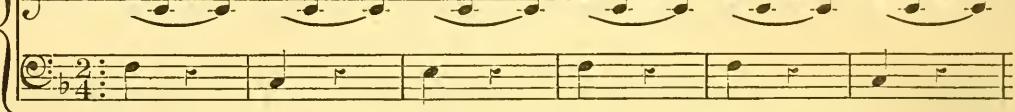
(FLEMISH SONG.)*

Andante con espressione.

VOICE. 

1. Fare - thee - well, my Flem - ish maid - en, 'Gainst my will must
 2. "Tho' I am a Flem - ish maid - en, Sons of France I

Andantino con espressione.

PIANO-FORTE. 

I de - part; Ah! be - lieve me, tho' I quit thee, I with
 love full well; I have giv'n, my gal - lant sol - dier, More to



thee than words can tell. Yet thoult have an - o - ther lov - er,
 thee shall leave my heart. Yet thoult have an - o - ther lov - er,



Ere one lit - tle week be past... E - ven now the troops of
 Have the love I gave to thee... Thou art dear - er, oh! be -



* This song has been skilfully introduced by Lortzing, in his opera of "Czar and Zimmermann."

A musical score page featuring a vocal line in soprano C-clef and a piano accompaniment in bass C-clef. The vocal line consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, describing a scene of marching soldiers.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in common time, G major. The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, and bass clef. The lyrics are: "sil - ver, Drink to me, my own sweet - heart" "To my charm-ing". The piano accompaniment is in common time, G major, with a bass line and harmonic support.

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is a soprano vocal line with lyrics: 'Flemish maid-en, Ah! from whom I'm forc'd to part! When I'. The middle part is a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note bass line. The bottom part is a basso continuo line with sustained notes and bassoon-like slurs.

drink her health, be - lieve me, I will think of her, and sigh..

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in G clef, and the piano part is in C bass clef. The vocal parts are in common time, and the piano part is in 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "Think of my sweet Flemish maid-en, From whose side I now must hie!" The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

A little flower.

(MODERN DUTCH SONG.)

Music by W. F. G. NICOLAI.

Music by W. F. G. NICOLAY.

VOICE. *Allegretto.* *p*

A lit - the flow'r I'll give to thee, 'Tis

PIANO-FORTE. *Allegretto.* *pp* *legato.* *pp*

bloom - ing sweet - ly.... yon - der, Let it re - mind thee,

love, of me When far from thee I wan - der!

When on it thou dost gaze, I wot, 'Twill then be soft - ly..

sigh - ing, For - get me not! For - get me not! I love with love un -
più cresc. *p*

- dy - - ing, For - - get me not! For - - get me not!....
cresc. *p*

.... I love with love un - dy - - - ing.
con sentimento.

rit.

The little witch.

(MODERN DUTCH SONG.)

Music by W. F. G. NICOLAI.

Allegretto scherzando. β

VOICE. *Allegretto scherzando.* My dar - ling love! My dar - ling love! Dost

PIANO-FORTE. *pp*

pain to me im - part! Nay! why look thus, my lit - tle rogue, Such
 glan - ces pierce my heart! Ah! how can I ex - plain them?
 What can the rea - son be? My dar - ling love! My

f

rit.

dar - ling love! What have I done to thee?

rit.

molto rit.

p

My dar - ling love! My dar - ling love! Thine eyes are spark-ling

a tempo.

now,

In - deed I shall be - gin to think,

A

lit - tle witch art thou.

Ah! glad - ly I would suf - fer, All

lit - tle witch art thou. Ah! glad - ly I would suf - fer, All

pangs of love for thee. Give me, be lov - ed, all thy heart !

Then thou a witch canst be..... Give me, be lov - ed,

riten. all thy heart! Then thou a witch canst be!

riten.

My heart's belov'd is mine.

(MODERN DUTCH SONG.)

Music by W. F. G. NICOLAI.

VOICE. *Allegro non troppo.*

PIANO-FORTE. *Allegro non troppo.*

f

Let Spring her fair - est

po - sies Up - on my love be - stow, My

ff

heart like crim - son ro - ses For her doth deep - - ly

glow, For her doth deep - - ly glow.
 I'll drain the gob - let
 riten.
 yon - der, Of spark - ling wine to thee; Where -
 - e'er my foot - steps wan - - der Of thee my dream will

be! A -

cresc.

- way with care and sad - ness! To - day I'll not re -

rall. *ff a tempo.*

- pine. I now can sing in glad - ness: My

ff rall. ff

heart's be - lov'd is mine, is

Ped.

mine, is mine,.....

Ped. Ped. *

This system contains three staves. The top staff is soprano, the middle staff is alto, and the bottom staff is bass. The bass staff has 'Ped.' markings under the first two measures. The alto staff has a '*' under the third measure. The soprano staff has a '*' under the fourth measure.

..... my heart's be - - lov'd is mine,.....

Ped. * Ped. *

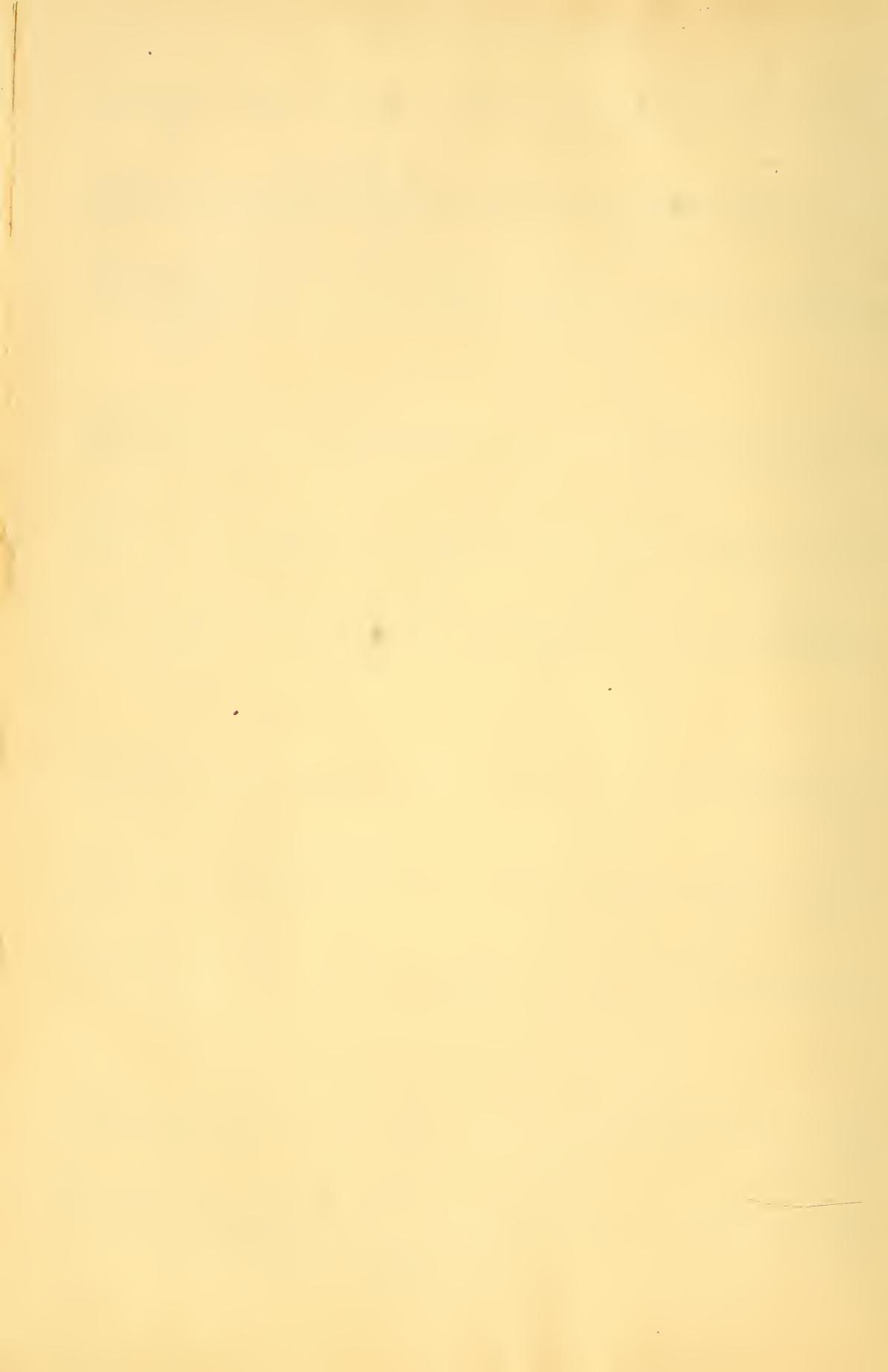
This system contains three staves. The top staff is soprano, the middle staff is alto, and the bottom staff is bass. The bass staff has 'Ped.' under the first measure and '*' under the second. The alto staff has '*' under the third measure. The soprano staff has '*' under the fourth measure.

..... is mine, is mine!

This system contains three staves. The top staff is soprano, the middle staff is alto, and the bottom staff is bass. The bass staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The alto staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The soprano staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp.

Ped. *

This system contains three staves. The top staff is soprano, the middle staff is alto, and the bottom staff is bass. The bass staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The alto staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The soprano staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp.





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